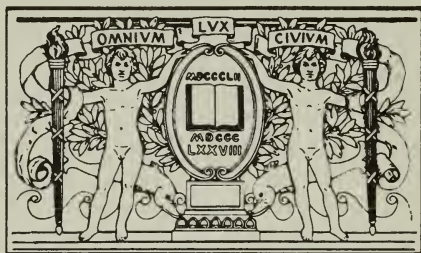




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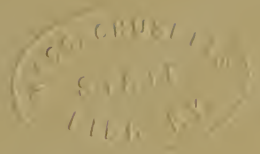


To Major Kane
from the author with
kind regards & as a
memento of Richmond
November 22^d 1862



THE
LAST CRUISE

OF



“THE WANDERER.”

BY

JOHN WEBSTER.

SYDNEY:

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TO THE

MEMORY OF THE LATE

BENJAMIN BOYD, Esq.,

THESE MEMORIALS

OF THE

“WANDERER’S” LAST CRUISE IN THE PACIFIC,

ARE DEDICATED

AS A TRIBUTE OF FRIENDSHIP AND ESTEEM BY HIS

FELLOW WANDERER,

JOHN WEBSTER.

P R E F A C E .

THESE Memoirs of the "Wanderer's" last cruise in the Pacific Ocean have been extracted from a journal not intended for the public eye. They have only been committed to print, after so great a lapse of time, at the request of certain friends of the writer. It has been thought that they may prove interesting not only as a record of the last enterprise of a man so well known and esteemed as MR. BENJAMIN BOYD, but as conveying some idea of islands and peoples still but little known.

That part of the "Island World" traversed by the "Wanderer" was, at the time of her last voyage, still less known than at present. The reports in reference to these groups were of the most vague and mythical description. Their visitors had been few, and these few were not willing (even if able) to spread much reliable information as to the places they had visited.

But enough was known to shew that there was here an untried field for such enterprise as possessed peculiar attractions for a man like Mr. Boyd.

He therefore decided, when in California, upon a cruise among these islands. And the writer of these memoirs, equally a lover of strange scenes and romantic adventures, decided upon joining him.

It was this love of adventure, no doubt, which constituted the great attraction. But there was a definite object in view. This was to establish a Papuan Republic or Confederation: to lay the foundation of some sort of social and political organisation, on which the simple machinery of an independent state might be afterwards erected. Had not death cut short Mr. Boyd's career, he would doubtless have succeeded in this object. As it is, the task is reserved for others.

The expedition consisted of the "Wanderer," R.Y.S., and her tender, the "Ariel." The "Wanderer" was a very handsome and fast-sailing topsail schooner of 240 tons o.m.; she had a flush deck; her cabins were fitted up with every possible attention to convenience, and with great elegance. Her armament consisted of four brass deck guns—two six-pounders and two four-pounders—mounted on carriages, resembling Dolphins; four two-pounders, rail guns—two on each side; and one brass twelve-pounder traversing gun ("long Tom") which had done service at Waterloo. In all, thirteen serviceable guns. Besides these there were two small highly ornamental guns, used for firing signals. These were said to have been obtained from the wreck of the "Royal George" at Spithead, and a coat of arms traceable upon them was supposed to be that of Admiral Kempenfeldt. There were ample stores of round shot and grape for the guns, and a due proportion of small arms, boarding pikes, tomahawks, &c. The "Ariel" was a schooner of about 120 tons, purchased in San Francisco for a tender. She carried supplies for the expedition and goods for trade with the natives. The writer of these memoirs was the commander of the tender, but preferring to sail with Mr. Boyd in the "Wanderer," he deputed her command to a Mr. Bradley, as sailing Master.

Besides the writer, two other gentlemen—Messrs. Barnes and Crawford—friends of Mr. Boyd, were associated

in this enterprise. The services of a Mr. Ottiwell were also secured as sailing master for the "Wanderer." The crews of both vessels were composed of Islanders, those of the "Ariel" being exclusively natives of the New Hebrides.

It is the wanderings of the "Wanderer" only which are here recorded.

Attention has been more attracted of late to the Islands and Islanders of the South Seas. The recent history of the Fijian Archipelago and of other Polynesian Groups and Islands has shewn the rapidly growing necessity for the establishment among them of Governmental Institutions, more worthy of the name and more calculated to meet the demands of social, commercial, and political advancement than those which have hitherto existed. The great maritime powers have in some cases stepped in to aid in this work, but it has been and will be by private enterprise—the enterprise of the missionary and of the trader—that these ends will be chiefly accomplished.

There is a wide, legitimate, and much neglected field for adventure still open in the "Island world," and it is just possible that these memoirs may be useful in illustrating it. But if they only serve to amuse his friends, the writer will be satisfied.



CHAPTER I.


I.

“Go in thy glory o’er the ancient sea,
Take with thee gentle winds thy sails to swell;
Sunshine and joy upon thy streamers be,
Fare-thee-well, bark, farewell!”

II.

A long farewell—thou wilt not bring us back
All whom thou bearest far from home and hearth;
For some are thine whose steps no more shall track
Their own sweet native earth.”



FTER some weeks of preparation and delay, the “WANDERER” was pronounced ready for sea, and on the morning of the 3rd June, 1851, she weighed anchor from the roadstead of Saucalite, within the “Golden Gates” of San Francisco. It was with light hearts and glad faces that we assembled on board for our contemplated cruise so full of novelty and romance, and all were eager to make a start towards the sunny isles of the vast Pacific.

Saucalite is a safe anchorage inside the harbour. It is the usual resort of vessels belonging to the American Navy visiting this port. The village of the same name is surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills, and contains but a few scattered cottages in the modern style of architecture, a saw mill, an hotel, and a boat-building establishment. It enjoys an advantage over San Francisco in the salubrity of the

air, in the possession of good water, and in an absence of dust.

In the vicinity of Saucalite is found an abundance of game, elk, deer, bears, geese, ducks, &c., which afford ample recreation to the sportsman who may be on board any of the vessels lying in that vicinity.

The adverse tide setting in with the sea breeze, compelled our return to the anchorage. At daylight on the following morning, we again made preparations for pursuing our voyage, followed by our tender the "ARIEL." With a light air off the land we started, and on opening the heads fell in with a strong sea breeze, against which we had to contend for some hours. Our amateur crew, eager to try the sailing qualities of our yacht, set all our available canvas. The graceful "Wanderer" bent her taper spars submissively to the breeze, and dashed through the waters like a joyous bird freed from the trammels of her long detention. Several vessels were outward bound like ourselves, and we were not a little proud to pass them successively. When we had got safely across the bar, upon which a high sea was running, we lay-to for the purpose of enabling the "Ariel" to come up with us. No "Ariel" appearing at sundown, we placed the "Wanderer" under easy sail.

June 4th.—This morning our tender was descried astern, under a press of canvas, making all haste to join her fleeter companion. It was not long before she was up with us—arrangements were now entered into, that the two vessels should henceforward keep company, and it was further proposed that lights should be shown at intervals during the night.

For the first two days we steered a westerly course to get well clear of the land, and we were by no means sorry to exchange the chilly fogs of the American coast for the clear atmosphere of the open ocean. As it had not been yet determined what land we should first visit, a consultation was held for the purpose of deciding this question. The charts were spread on the cabin table, and it was finally determined that we should first visit the Sandwich or Hawaiian group, which lay a-head of us. The necessary instructions were, therefore, given to the sailing master of the "Ariel," regarding our intended course. Pursuing our voyage over the immense space of ocean which separates the Hawaiian group from the coast of America, the monotony of sea life was relieved by the usual sports of catching sharks and firing at the numerous sea fowl that hovered in our wake.

We experienced considerable difficulty in getting our native crew to understand the points of the compass—one in particular ("Friday,") a native of Rotuma, who had but one visual organ to boast of, causing us no small degree of merriment during the voyage. This worthy would take advantage of his optical failing, and always turn his blind eye to the compass, he requiring the other, as he explained to us, to look at the sails. "Tom," also a native of Rotuma, and son of a considerable chief in his own island, acted very well as cook, although he sometimes placed on the table triumphs in gastronomy which would have astonished even M. Soyer himself.

After being at sea about a week, we sighted a large square-rigged ship, hull down on our starboard bow. For

amusement and variety we clapped on all sail, and leaving the "Ariel" to pursue her course, gave chase to the stranger. She was close-hauled, and bound, no doubt, for San Francisco. As we were going free, we soon overhauled her. When distant about a mile and a-half, she shewed British colors. We hoisted our ensign, which, however, she could not see, from the position of our sails. To our astonishment, she altered her course, and set studding-sails to increase her speed, evidently mistaking us for a piratical cruiser, and certainly the "Wanderer" had a wicked look, which might well lead our friend the merchantman astray. Unwilling to lose sight of the "Ariel," which now looked a speck on the distant waters, we abandoned the chase, braced up our yards, and bore away for our tender. Before night closed we were alongside of her, when we again shortened sail to admit of her keeping us company during the night. Nothing particular occurred until the 25th, when at sunset we saw what we imagined to be a small brilliant cloud glaring like a jewel in the last rays of the setting sun. This afterwards proved to be the snow-topped summit of Mauna Kea, the most lofty of the Hawaiian volcanoes, the same upon which the immortal Cook gazed some 70 years ago, when he discovered this magnificent group of islands, and at the base of which mountain he met his untimely fate. These 70 years have seen the inhabitants of these islands emerge from a state of the most savage barbarism, to become a people who now take rank amongst the civilized nations of the world, and who bid fair to do credit to civilization and to humanity.

June 26th.—No land visible, until the setting sun again, like Aladdin's lamp, revealed to us the far off object of our

hopes larger and more luminous, from our greater proximity to it.

June 27th.—The atmosphere was hazy, and as we approached the land, the masses of vapour which are attracted by the lofty mountains clung round their steep sides, wreathing fantastic garlands amongst the wild glens and valleys that are embosomed in their declivities.

June 28th.—Another morning shewed us the Island of Hawaii in all its majesty. The mountain we had seen so distant towered far above our heads, piercing the blue ether of morning with its pyramid of snow—native cottages dotted the slopes which descended gradually from the base of the mountain to the sea. Cultivation, palm trees, and tropical verdure fringed the coast. A canoe was seen approaching which was soon alongside. It contained a white man and two natives. The former announced himself a pilot, and offered his services. We put the vessel under his control, and in a short time we anchored in Hilo Bay.

Hilo Bay is sheltered from the prevailing trade winds by a tongue of land which forms a crescent with the shore—the waters of this bay are generally tranquil within a mile or two of the coast, affording fine fishing ground for the canoes of the natives. Opposite our anchorage the village of Hilo lay, embosomed amidst a mass of dark rich green vegetation, which extended some distance up the sloping back ground. Cocoa-nut trees graced the water's margin; their beautiful plume-like tops trembling and waving to the passing zephyr. From the beach the land retired with a gradual ascent for several miles, where a belt of thick bush divides the fertile and sunny lowlands from the inhospitable

region of black iava beyond. To the right of the village Mauna Kea attains an altitude of 16,000 feet above the level of the sea. At one view the eye comprehends the gradations of every climate, from that of the tropics to the region of perpetual frost and snow. To the left, distant about 30 miles, Mauna Roa pierces the clouds with a summit in elevation almost equal to that of Mauna Kea. On the flank of Mauna Roa is the great volcano of Kilauea Pêle, which we intend visiting.

On the afternoon of our arrival, we paid our respects to the harbour master, Mr. Pitman, where we were kindly received. His wife is a Hawaiian lady of prepossessing manner, and we were by no means disappointed in the favorable opinion we had already formed in our own minds of the beauties of the Sandwich Islands. The amalgamation of the two races tends much to the improvement of both. Mr. Pitman is the principal merchant of Hilo. He does a considerable business, in the season with whalers, by whom latterly this port has been much frequented, owing to the Californian trade raising the price of provisions at Oahu, and consequently driving the whalers to other ports, where refreshments can be had on more reasonable terms.

At the extremity of the village are some singular and romantic falls, called Wai Ruka by the natives, which we now proceeded to visit. Ascending a gentle rise, a scene of novelty and animation presented itself. From a great height a rush of water, dividing as it fell into two streams, was precipitated into a deep basin, surrounded by dark walls of volcanic rock—numbers of young natives, of both sexes, were amusing themselves by descending in the cata-

ract, and disappearing like water spirits in the boiling cauldron below, emerging again in the smooth water at some distance from the spot where they disappeared. Climbing the rocky steep, they would again descend the rapid torrent, and disappear in the foam and spray amidst shouts and laughter. From the steep rocks they would also leap into the capacious basin. It was perfectly bewildering to look at them performing a feat which most Europeans would shudder to attempt. An accident has never yet been known to occur amongst these naiads of the waterfall. This romantic stream runs into the sea a little below the falls, affording an abundant supply of water for shipping. Higher up the stream is another waterfall, to which we also paid a visit. Passing through several cultivations, we entered a path which led direct to the falls. The scene like the former broke on our view quite suddenly. The stream had a perpendicular descent of upwards of fifty feet into a circular basin, from which clouds of vapour rose, condensing on the rocky sides, and forming numerous little streamlets which trickled sparkling from every projection. The torrent bed was formed by a stream of lava, which had been suddenly arrested in its course, and overlaid the *debris* of a former eruption. The action of the water had removed the underlying and looser stratum. The stream now precipitated itself over a shelving mass, beneath which receded a gloomy cavern, half seen through the falling water, leaving to imagination to conjure up all kinds of grotesque fancies in connection with so dismal an abode.

After contemplating the scene for some time, we returned to the village. The vicinity of Hilo is under a considerable degree of cultivation; green fields of sugar cane, and plan-

tations of coffee, render the landscape rich and fertile. The banana, orange, bread fruit, guava, and other tropical fruits are here met with. We visited a sugar-boiling establishment where the machinery was of the most primitive description. I believe there are three such establishments in the neighbourhood, all belonging to Chinese, who are a steady and persevering people when working on their own account. I was particularly struck with the great resemblance between the Hawaiians and the New Zealanders. The Sandwich Island language is but a dialect of the Maori.* The Hawaiians live under a model Government, and are making rapid strides in civilization under their King, Kamehameha III., Sovereign of all the Sandwich Islands.†

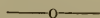
Previous to our return on board the yacht, we made enquiries respecting a guide who should accompany us on our intended visit to the great crater of Kilauea. Having secured the services of a native called Pomana (rejoicing also in the *soubriquet* of Sam), we made preparations for our departure. Next morning we made signals to the "Ariel" to enter the bay, which she accordingly did, and anchored close to the "Wanderer;" after which we made all necessary arrangements for watering the vessels. Mr. Boyd and myself then selected two of our island crew to accompany us on the morrow to Kilauea.

* The Maories, according to Dr. Neild, have a tradition that their progenitors originally came from Hawaii. This would sufficiently account for the similarity of the two languages. That similarity is such that a Maori, using his own language only, has interpreted Hawaiian evidence in a Sydney Court.

† Kamehameha IV., the adopted son of the late King, now reigns.

CHAPTER II.

“ Whence yon glare
 That fires the arch of Heaven ;
 That dark red smoke
 Blotting the silver moon ?”



JUNE 30th.—Desirous of paying our respects to Pélé, the Hawaiian goddess of the mountain, Mr. Boyd and myself, accompanied by our two islanders, and joined by Pomana our newly acquired guide, started early on the track to Kilauea. We soon left the rich flats, and entered upon a monotonous extent of ancient scoria, overgrown with ferns, and studded here and there with solitary palms. We next passed through a rather dense forest, in which we followed a pathway which had been cut by the natives. Here our guide pointed out to us the spot—at the entrance to this bush—where was gained a decisive battle by Kamehameha I., the founder of the present dynasty ; his success on that occasion being instrumental in securing to him the sovereignty of these islands. Emerging from this forest, we travelled over a country by no means interesting as far as scenery was concerned, and finally camped for the night at a native village, having travelled about twenty miles.

We were accommodated in a roomy hut, and abundantly supplied with bananas and sweet potatoes ; and the natives likewise cooked us a fowl. We were highly pleased with our guide, who was a most amusing character. He had

been one of the first who visited Britain from these islands, having gone to England in the "Shakspeare" thirty-four years ago, and could speak English pretty fluently. We had not travelled long before we discovered that Sam had a most extraordinary propensity. His ruling passion—his greatest enjoyment in life—seemed to be his fondness for Poi, a native preparation of Taro root, a plant of the Lotus tribe. Poi resembles paste in appearance; is slightly acidulous, and is insipid and disagreeable to an European palate. It was highly ludicrous to us to see Sam with a large calabash before him containing several gallons of Poi, which he would convey to his mouth with a peculiar twist and flourish of the fingers. The rapidity with which it disappeared was unaccountable, but Sam's capabilities for devouring Poi seemed to know no bounds. At first, out of courtesy, he asked us to partake of this, to him, luxurious compound, but seemed in no-ways disappointed at our refusal. Our two islanders also declined his invitation for them to join him, so Sam had his mess to himself. During our march we had found relays of natives with calabashes, and the contents of these were sure to be Poi. With equal certainty did the greater portion of that Poi go into the stomach of Sam—still, as we travelled, did we occasionally see in the distance a figure balancing calabashes over his shoulder by means of a pole. When he approached us, Sam would address a few words to the party, and then *naively* turning to us, would say in an off-hand manner, "This friend belonging to me." He would of course remain for a time with his newly met acquaintance. On our looking back, we were sure to observe Sam and his friend *tete-a-tete* with a calabash of Poi between them. Whether Sam had any previous arrangement with his numerous friends I know not, but so sure as

Sam met a native with Poi, so sure was he enlisted in our train, and when we camped on the first night the hut was not large enough for our increased party. Sam was equally voracious with our more palatable food, and attacked our provisions on every occasion with the voracity of a shark.

We started early next morning, and Sam's friends here bade us adieu with the exception of one who accompanied us, carrying two large calabashes of Sam's favorite food. Our track now lay over a vast plain of lava. We remarked the successive streams of molten rock which at different periods had inundated the country. The whole of this vast plain appears at one time to have been in a state of ebullition, and miniature cones are every where met with. The scrubby vegetation of this region is barely sufficient to hide the barren nature of the surface. We occasionally passed through belts of bush which drew their scanty nourishment from the *debris* of the older lava streams. We were particularly struck by the appearance of a tree (*Eugenia Melacensis*) which was covered with tufted blossoms of the most brilliant crimson, while amongst the branches sported small birds (the *Nectarinia coccinea*, and *Nectarinia Byronensis*) of the same gorgeous hue, looking, as though some of the blossoms had suddenly become endowed with animation, and flitted from tree to tree. A singularly graceful bird, also, attracted our attention (*Nectarinia Nigra* or *Merop Nigra*), called by the natives o. o. or uho. It is jet black, with a long slender tail; under the wings are several bright orange colored feathers, which are highly prized by the natives for ornamental purposes. It was from the feathers of these birds that the celebrated garments, formerly worn by the kings and nobles of Hawaii, were manufactured.

We continued to travel over the same unvarying scenery. The smoke from the great crater hung in vast clouds beyond us. As we neared the scene, evidences of volcanic action became everywhere more and more evident. Smoke issued from various crevices in the ground, and at last we fairly entered the dominions of Pélé. With feelings of astonishment and awe, we stood on the brink of the vast crater itself, and looked down into its fiery abyss.

The great crater of Kilauea is not the interior of a cone on the summit of a mountain, but is a portion of the flank of Mauna Roa, which has been engulfed by an under current of lava. It presents the appearance of a vast pit, surrounded by a perpendicular rampart of rock a thousand feet in depth; its extreme circumference cannot be less than fifteen miles. The bottom of the abyss appears as a sea of black lava, whose agitated billows seem to have been arrested as if by enchantment. Innumerable cones, like islands, stud this black sea. From these, clouds of vapour and smoke ascended, while deep rumblings shook the ground on which we stood. The surrounding country is rent with innumerable yawning chasms and fissures of unfathomable depth, vomiting forth steam and sulphurous vapours. These safety valves of the volcano belch forth pestiferous gases, which impregnate the whole neighbourhood with their noxious and stifling breath. At a short distance from the brink of the crater was a rude hut, of which we took possession for the purpose of making ourselves comfortable for the night. We here partook of some refreshment with which we had provided ourselves, and afterwards we prepared for a descent into the abyss of the crater, which, according to the natives, is the abode of the

goddess Péle. Our guide informed us it was necessary to present a propitiatory offering to the goddess, lest we should be destroyed by her subterranean fires, and proposed that we should throw into one of the chasms a wild duck, which I had shot on one of the numerous small water-holes we had passed on the road, in order to pacify the Deity. We laughed at his fears, and, without sacrificing the duck, prevailed upon him to accompany us, which he did with considerable reluctance.

On the N.W. side of the crater, one of the extraordinary convulsions of nature to which this region is subject, had rent and thrown down into the abyss below enormous masses from its brink, forming ledges at various depths. Availing ourselves of these ledges, we commenced our descent down the mighty natural steps leading to the interior of the volcano. Our progress was not unattended with danger. Occasionally, we toiled over rugged pinnacles of rock, having on either side a precipice several hundred feet in depth, encompassed by suffocating exhalations issuing from rents and fissures in every direction. At last we reached the bottom, and stood on the shores of that awful sea of lava, across which we now commenced our perilous march; we had provided ourselves with long poles, in order to assist us over the vitrified waves. The surface had a frothy cellular appearance, and crushed beneath our feet like snow during frost. At the depth of a few inches was the hard rock. We directed our course towards the south end of the crater, where numerous cones were in action, but rendered entirely invisible at our then distance, by clouds of silvery vapour. Running half-way across the crater, from east to west, was a ridge of ancient lava, similar to the rock forming

the high cliffs. We gained easily this ridge, which on a nearer view presented a mass of tottering ruins, gradually sinking into the crater. Our progress now became more and more dangerous. Our two islanders who had accompanied us thus far, refused, positively, to proceed any farther, and returned in terror to the brink. Sam also wished to return as Pélé was angry, and truly the fearful roarings appeared to warn us of her wrath. We were, however, determined to proceed. It now became necessary for us to use the greatest caution to avoid slipping into the numerous fissures, which everywhere abound on the treacherous crust, using our poles to sound the solidity of the surface, which, in many places, we broke through, discovering the lava—glowing with a red heat—only a few inches beneath. It was evident we were standing upon a crust, the thickness of which was but a few feet dividing us from the molten lava. Frequently, a loud explosion would occur, and extensive rents would be made in the crust, from which would issue vapour with a rushing noise, which by no means tended to increase our confidence in this mysterious region, particularly as we perceived several fresh cracks opening in our rear. Passing an extensive sulphur bank, we gradually approached the more active cone. Here the surface crust became more deceitful, until we found ourselves in close proximity to the chief seat of action, where the lava was thickly strewn with stones and ashes, ejected from a small cone in violent activity. We took up a position a few hundred yards off, and had a good sight of the spectacle. This cone was magnificent beyond description. Its western side presented the appearance of a palace of glass, resplendent with prismatic colors. A thousand grotesque forms, like towers and minarets, adorned its sum-

mit. A beautiful grotto appeared in its side, out of which seemed to flow a radiant stream of glass. From rents near its base issued lava, forming, as it cooled, into coils resembling huge serpents. The eastern side, shrouded in vapour, appeared composed of loose stones, ashes, and sulphur. Mr. Boyd and myself cautiously advanced to get a nearer view of Pélé's terrors. We ascended on the western side, which, from its beauty, we called Pélé's crystal throne. The surface was so hot that we could scarcely bear to touch it with our hands. We climbed sufficiently high to be able to catch a glimpse of the roaring furnace. We were not above thirty yards from its brink, but on the windward side the smoke and vapour were blowing from us, occasionally revealing the sides of the interior, glowing with the most dazzling splendour. We had not occupied our position more than three minutes, when a rattling noise, apparently from the depths of the crater, warned us to retreat. Then a dense cloud of vapour and fine ashes issued with a dull sullen roaring. As we descended, the whole cone shook and trembled to its foundations, and several fissures opened in the sides, from which flowed liquid lava. Over one of these we had to leap. I got over first, and perceiving Mr. Boyd hesitating, I cried, "Leap for your life!" a piece of advice he immediately followed, when we together beat a retreat under a shower of stones and ashes. Happily we escaped unhurt, although several enormous masses were thrown far beyond us. After Pélé's wrath had subsided, we were able to examine more leisurely the substances which had been thrown out during the explosion. Their forms bore considerable resemblance to those of organic bodies. It was, indeed, difficult at first sight to persuade ourselves that they were not actually petrified

forms, they so strongly resembled zoöphytes and other marine animals. Allowing them time to cool, we selected a few specimens of the most singularly shaped to take with us. After examining these interesting productions of the crater, we endeavoured to approach another part, where a dense smoke and gleams of flame indicated its state. But our purpose was frustrated by the dangerous nature of the surface lava, and Sam's solemn protestations that if we ventured further, we should never return from the dominions of Péle.

The southern portion of the great crater appeared from where we stood, a vast lake of lava in a state of fusion, not less, I should say, than a mile in extent, and it would have been madness to have attempted a nearer approach. The precipices bounding the south end of the great abyss, seen dimly through the sulphurous masses of vapour which for ever cling about these regions of fire, appear stupendous from their obscurity.

We now retraced our steps, sending our faithful Sam in advance to prepare the hut for our reception. Mr. Boyd and myself paused, to examine more leisurely the many wonders which surrounded us. The lateness of the hour at length warned us to return. We crossed the sea of black lava in safety, and commenced our ascent. Missing our track, we got amongst rents and chasms more frightful than anything we had hitherto witnessed. For upwards of an hour did we climb and struggle, exposed to the offensive blasts, and deafened by the noises issuing from the orifices which thickly marked the sides of the crater. At length we gained the summit about a mile from our camp, which we reached quite exhausted.

The sunset was gilding the summit of Mauna Roa, which rose high and shadowing thousands of feet above us, and Kilauea loomed black as Erebus beneath our feet. We found our natives had provided plenty of green bushes for our bed, and a bright fire in the centre imparted a cheerful aspect to our resting place for the night. By Sam's advice, we availed ourselves of a steam bath. Undressing, we placed ourselves in the current of steam from one of the numerous fissures adjacent to the hut. The sensation produced was by no means unpleasant. In fact it was with some difficulty we could be persuaded to leave the spot. While seated round the fire, Sam, over his indispensable dish of poi, amused us by the history of Pélé.

Pélé is the goddess of the volcano. Tamapua, a monster, half hog and half man, also a god of the sea, visited Pélé at her abode in the mountain, and rudely paid his addresses to her. These overtures were indignantly rejected by the goddess, and she endeavoured to drive the monster away from her dominions. In a combat which ensued, Tamapua filled the crater with water from the sea, and tried to extinguish the fires. This water the goddess drank up, her fires again burst out, and she ultimately drove Tamapua into the ocean, pursuing him with showers of stones and torrents of lava.

Previous to reposing, we again went to the brink of the crater, and looked at Pélé's abode as it appeared in darkness. The sight was awfully grand. The dimness of night added effect to the scene. The whole abyss was of a cherry red color. A lurid glare was reflected from the frowning sides of the stupendous ramparts of rock. Above all, hov-

ered a dense canopy of luminous mist. After feasting our eyes for some time on this sublime spectacle, we retired to our hut, and slept soundly after the excitement and fatigues of the day.

On rising next morning, we found a quantity of rain had fallen during the night, and the surrounding country emitted a steam on all sides. Pélé's terrors were completely obscured by the dense fogs, but ever and anon a deep rumbling announced her presence. To the left of our encampment there extended a considerable plain, completely perforated with steaming orifices. At the end next our camp, was a large sulphur bank, covered with beautiful crystals. On this plain we found, growing on stunted bushes, quantities of red berries, of which we ate abundantly. We also found plenty of wild strawberries in the neighbourhood of our encampment. After our morning's meal, we bade farewell to the crater, and started on our return to Hilo.

We had been advised to supply ourselves with extra shoes, but, unfortunately, had neglected to do so. We now found out our mistake, for the shoes we had travelled in were burnt, and completely destroyed by yesterday's service, and we had to travel barefooted over the rough road. Sam, always careful of number one, had provided himself with sandals, made from the fibre of the cocoa-nut husk. After a long day's journey, jaded and foot-sore, we halted for the night at a native village, where we were well supplied with fruit and fowls. We rose in the morning greatly refreshed by our night's rest, and, whilst breakfast was preparing, we witnessed the manufacture of *Tappa*, for which the Sandwich Islanders, in common with other

Polynesians, are celebrated. Tappa is a species of cloth of a fibrous texture. The plant, which yields this substance, resembles the osier or willow, and is cultivated on dry and rich soil. It is of a glutinous and adhesive nature, and is beat out into large square mats, and marked by various designs in colors. This marking is done by hand, and with considerable taste. The European cloths, however, are fast superseding this production in the Sandwich Islands. After breakfast, we again took the road towards Hilo, and at the end of a tedious day's travel we reached the Bay, and got on board the "Wanderer," after an absence of five days.

On the week after our return, most of the white residents paid the "Wanderer" a visit. On the 7th of July we saluted the Hawaiian flag with twenty-one guns, and the compliment was returned by a single gun from shore fired off twenty-one times. In the evening we dined with Mr. Pitman, and were agreeably entertained. Since our arrival in port we had had numbers of native youths on board, all desirous of joining the "Wanderer." We would have been glad of the services of some of them, as we required a larger crew at present, having to work the vessel ourselves. The friends of the boys, becoming aware of their intentions, sent on board a *kaiko* (a native constable) to arrest them for absconding from their homes. On seeing the *kaiko*, the poor boys took refuge in the cabin. He followed them below, and commanded them to go on shore, but Mr. Boyd ordered the fellow off, as he was rather presuming, telling him he should take the boys on shore himself. The youngsters were delighted with the dismissal of the dreaded *kaiko*, who went ashore rather crestfallen.

In the afternoon we all went ashore with the lads. On landing, we were surrounded by the combined forces of kaikos and other natives, who attempted to seize the boys for the purpose of placing them in confinement. The poor urchins clung to us for protection. The kaikos, evidently wishing to avoid proceeding to extremities, followed us to the residence of the native Judge to hear his opinion on the matter. We were accompanied by the whole assemblage. There marched first Mr. Boyd, myself, Ottiwell, Crawford and Barnes, with about a dozen young aspirants under our protection. Then followed the native police, and the mob in general brought up the rear. We were accompanied by a dried specimen of a Frenchman, who acted as our interpreter. We arrived at a hut of the usual native description, the sides and roof being of plaited palm-leaves in the manner of a thick thatch, with a pavement in front of rough stones. We entered this building, having to stoop low to get in at the doorway, and were introduced to his Honor, Momona, the Judge, a rather good-looking native of middle age. The interior of the house was so dark—the only light being admitted through the doorway—that it was some time before I could observe the Judge, who was seated at a table, with an open book before him. The matter was adjourned until the following day, in order to obtain the attendance of the parents and guardians of the boys, it being understood that, should the consent of these parents and guardians be obtained, the boys would be at liberty to ship. We returned on board the yacht, taking the offending juveniles with us.

Next day we were in attendance with the boys at Court, when we found that the consent of the majority of the

parents had been obtained. But it transpired afterwards, that a sum of money, amounting to about ten dollars each, was demanded for every boy shipped, which sum was to be divided between the Judge and the schoolmaster; an imposition we were not inclined to submit to. We, therefore, declined taking any of them. In the meantime, the anxious boys had been removed and locked up in the calaboose, in order to prevent their getting on board.

The Island of Hawaii is 300 miles in circumference, containing about 4000 square miles, and a population of about 25,000. This Island is neither more nor less than a series of volcanoes; the upland covered with a scanty bush, and the higher mountains being entirely destitute of vegetation. But the lowlands are rich, and capable of producing any thing. The district of Hilo contains about 5000 inhabitants. The natives are possessed of a considerable number of cattle and horses, and some own large tracts of land. They have, also, several small schooners, which trade between the adjacent Islands. Hawaii gives its name to the entire group, which consist of eight inhabited Islands. The seat of Government is at Honolulu in the Island of Oahu, now a place of considerable importance. These Islands lie between 18 degrees and 22 degrees N. latitude, and 155 degrees to 160 degrees W. longitude.

CHAPTER III.

“ O the bliss to feel, the gallant keel,
 Thro’ the bright wave cleave its way ;
 To roam in pride o’er the waters wide,
 And bound o’er the surges gay.”



HAVING got our water on board, and made every thing ready for a start, we got under way on the evening of the 10th July, and with a light breeze beat out of Hilo bay, the “Ariel” following.

The night proved dark and foggy, and we lost sight of our tender. In the morning she was nowhere to be seen, and, after a fruitless search, we bore away for the Kingsmill group of Islands, having previously appointed these as one of our places of rendezvous for the “Ariel.” During the night, we passed between the Islands of Maui and Hawaii. The full moon shone brilliantly on masses of white cloud, which hung around the tops of the high mountains. We were now passing Karakakua Bay, the spot where the immortal Cook fell, where we witnessed an eclipse of the moon.

On the 13th, we spoke a schooner from Sydney bound to Honolulu. From her we gained the first intelligence that gold had been discovered in Australia. The same evening we lost sight of the Sandwich Islands. We found abundant sport in catching fish. The ordinary excitement consequent upon the capture of a shark, or the sight of a shoal of porpoises or whales, diversified our ocean life. Every thing

went on as usual until the 21st, when the majority of us being below at dinner, we heard the cry of "A man overboard!" All hastened on deck—we found Timmararare, one of our native crew, missing. The officer in charge of the watch, had brought the vessel to the wind at the moment of the accident. A tub had also been thrown overboard at the same time. The weather being rough and boisterous, and the vessel having forged a long way ahead, neither Tim nor the tub were visible. We very shortly got the boat lowered, several of us sprang into it and pulled towards a flock of sea-birds who were circling in the air, as if attracted by some body in the water. On the summit of a swelling wave, we saw the object of our search, clinging with eagerness to the tub; a bird was perched on his head, and allowed us almost to touch it before it flew off. We soon had Tim in the boat, and returned with him in safety to the vessel. On reaching the deck, he leaped about like one deranged, clapping his hands together and uttering loud cries. He then rushed to the side of the vessel, and gazing on the wild waters he broke out into a chaunt in his own language, the tones exceedingly wild at first, but ending in a voice very soft and plaintive. After this display of feeling, he sank on the deck shivering and trembling from excitement and exhaustion. He was conveyed to his hammock, when a stiff glass of brandy being administered to him, he soon recovered. I afterwards asked Tim what the bird was doing on his head, he replied, "*Te manu* (bird) he speakee me, he say me no *mate*, (drown). In my country *manu* plenty speak to man."

How delightful is the ocean in the tropics, with the bright sky above, and the azure sea below. The soft zephyr of

the trade winds stirring the little waves till they dance in seeming gladness. The graceful "Wanderer" scattering the foam from her stem, as she glides along like a proud beauty. The flying-fish skip from wave to wave, and the monsters of the deep—the great sperm whales—sport around us in their unwieldy gambols for hours together.

On the 28th, in the evening, we sighted an Island of which no mention is made in any of our charts. The fading daylight enabled us to discern that it was a low Island, apparently about four miles in length, narrow, lying nearly N. and S. On the windward side a heavy surf broke. We tacked ship, and lay off and on all night, intending to have a look at the strange land in the morning, but daylight showed no Island. In vain did we cruise for three days in a circle of 30 miles in search of the mysterious land. But probably owing to a strong westerly current, we had drifted considerably to leeward. This Island was nearly upon the line, and in longitude about 176 degrees West.

On the 2nd August, we crossed the line, in longitude 180 degrees, still carrying with us the trade wind. On the 5th we again sighted land—a low coral Island, thickly covered with cocoa-nut trees. This proved to be *Nukunau*, or *Byron's Island*, one of the Kingsmill group,* situated on the Equator, in longitude 174 degrees 24 minutes, East. As we were all gazing on the land, a number of what appeared to us to be white clouds, seemed to rise from one end of the Island. From the mast-head, however, they were pronounced to be a fleet of canoes bearing down on us with sails set. Uncertain of their intentions, we unlashd the

* Also called "the Gilbert Islands."

deck guns, and ran them out to be in readiness should the natives prove hostile. In a short time we were surrounded by upwards of a hundred canoes, which had now been put about on the other tack, and were running on the same course as ourselves. At first, we did not much relish this sudden approach of so numerous a fleet, but seeing numbers of the fair sex and children seated in the canoes, and the men entirely devoid of weapons of any kind, our fears were soon dissipated, and we allowed several of them to make fast alongside. A general rush now took place, every canoe endeavouring to attach itself to the vessel, while the natives shouted and bullied each other. Many of the canoes upset, and drifted astern, unheeded by the others. They were expert swimmers, and, I have no doubt, would soon get each frail bark on even keel again.

The natives, meanwhile, crowded on board in such numbers, that we were compelled at last to use force to drive them from the deck. With the flat sides of our cutlasses we pushed the men over the side. But as to the females, it was in vain that we made similar demonstrations. They would stand their ground, slightly shrinking from the cutlasses, and seeming to say, "would you be so ungallant as to strike a woman?" And their quiet and inoffensive behaviour prepossessed us much in their favor.

To a looker-on at some distance, the "Wanderer" at this time would have presented a novel sight, stealing along with a gentle breeze, surrounded by a miniature fleet with their mat-sails glancing far and near. A brisk barter now commenced with the natives, who offered cocoa-nuts, fish, shells, and other curiosities, in exchange for tobacco, for which they evinced great eagerness.

Nukunau or Byron's Island, like most of the Islands of coral formation, is low and flat, the highest part not being more than 18 feet above the sea level. In length it is about 10 miles, varying in breadth from $\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. The appearance it presents from the water is that of a continuous village, the whole line of beach being thickly studded with the native habitations, and densely clothed with cocoa-nut trees. These Islanders are of a middling stature, have open and pleasant countenances, and are of a light copper color. The men go entirely naked; most of the women wear a girdle of plaited pandanus leaves round the loins. The females are remarkably comely and prepossessing. Their movements are graceful, full of natural elegance and simplicity. They have small and well shaped hands and feet; their beautiful and glossy black tresses fall in luxuriant profusion over their shoulders. They decorate themselves with strings of beads, which they manufacture from shells. These ornaments they willingly exchange for tobacco, their desire for which article appears with them to be a ruling passion. Tattooing, although not in general use amongst these natives, is of frequent occurrence. The body of the male is marked on the thighs and sides by angular blue lines. The females are also tattooed on the arms and thighs, but with a less number of markings. The "Wanderer" had now reached the lee-side of the Island. The inhabitants crowded on the beach to gaze at us. The houses peeped from under the shady palms. Nothing could be greener or more beautiful than the vegetation. The long line of coral beach was of a dazzling whiteness.

Our native, Timmararare, or Tim, as we called him, being a native of one of the Islands of this group, acted as our

interpreter. Through the medium of his assistance, I was enabled to glean some information respecting the inhabitants of this Island. Nukunau contains about five thousand inhabitants. There are seven villages, named respectively *Jabadoa*, *Muriwhenua*, *Kauaka*, *Ruaka*, *Mundi-ika*, *Nukumau*, and *Tabamatony*. There are no governing chiefs on the Island, every inch of which is claimed by families; and the boundaries are carefully defined, and enclosed by walls of coral stone. Cocoa-nuts constituting their principal support, the nuts and trees are guarded with great care; and any aggression upon the property of their owners, is severely punished. A large number of cocoa-nuts is required in payment for one stolen, or an equivalent in land. Repeated acts of theft, therefore, soon reduces the offending party to poverty; having nothing for their support, they are obliged to offer themselves as slaves to whosoever will take their labour as an equivalent for their food. These unfortunate slaves are only allowed one cocoa-nut a day for their subsistence, but are permitted to catch fish for their own and masters' use.

In cases where boundaries of land are disputed, the matter is referred to arbitration by the elders of the people, who meet in a large house of justice, of which there are three on the Island, called *Maniapas*. Their decision is, generally considered, as final; but, frequently, should neither be satisfied, recourse is had to arms, each party being assisted by their friends, when sanguinary battles take place. Great cruelty is evinced on such occasions, which usually end by one party being entirely destroyed, and their land becoming the property of the victors. Their weapons consist of wooden swords, armed on both edges with shark's teeth,

fastened on by threads of cocoa-nut fibre—and long spears with projecting arms, also bristling with the same formidable teeth. With these, they inflict the most frightful wounds. When they go to battle, they are generally clothed in armour. The body is protected by a strong cuirass, formed of thickly-plaited cord, made from the fibre of the cocoa-nut husk. Their legs and arms are covered by a close pliant netting of the same substance. The head is frequently surmounted by a grotesque-looking helmet, formed from the prickly skin of the sea-porcupine. Their quarrels must be frequent, for scarcely a male but bore evidence of these conflicts, as did many, also, of the weaker sex. The canoes of these Islanders exhibit great ingenuity and skill in their construction. They are formed of short planks neatly joined, and fastened together with sennet, the seams caulked with the dried leaf of the pandanus. In the construction of some canoes more than one hundred pieces of wood are used. In length, they vary from twelve to twenty feet. They are furnished with an outrigger and one mast, carrying a mat-sail. The mast rakes forward, supported by stays. The outrigger projecting to windward gives stability to the canoe, enabling it to carry an immense sail with comparatively little danger of being capsized. These canoes sail fast, and, from their construction, cut their way almost in the wind's eye.

Mr. Boyd being desirous of visiting the shore, I accompanied him in the whale-boat, numbers of the natives in their canoes escorting us, and behaving in the most friendly manner. We found it impossible to land in the whale-boat, as the water shallowed near the shore, and a heavy surf broke there which, from its violence, would

have stove our boat to pieces. We, therefore, endeavoured to anchor outside the breakers, but found we had not line sufficient to reach the bottom. A native seeing our difficulty produced from his canoe a long stout line. Attaching one end of it to the boat he dived and disappeared; he succeeded in fastening the other end to a branching coral at the bottom, the water being nearly fifteen fathoms deep. Having thus secured the boat, we jumped into one of their frail looking canoes for the purpose of passing through the surf, having our fowling-pieces wrapped in oil-skins to preserve them from the sea water. The natives, watching an opportunity, guided our canoe on the top of a roller and darted in shore; for a moment we were completely enveloped in spray, and drenched to the skin with the boiling surf. On nearing the shore, the natives sprang into the water, some of them caught up the canoe, and others ourselves, and bore all high up the beach. Crowds of the inhabitants flocked down to see us, and we entered with them the grove of cocoa-nut trees, whose spreading tops shaded the whole island.

The houses are built on elevated posts, the upper story being covered and enclosed by a thick thatching of leaves; the lower part, where the natives eat and sleep, is open on all sides; it can be closed at night by suspending mats round the sides, which also protect the inhabitants from the attacks of mosquitoes. The houses are kept scrupulously clean, and no rubbish is suffered to remain in the neighbourhood. We saw several remarkably handsome women (wives of the principal men); they were of a lighter color than the commonality. We wandered through the village, objects of curiosity to all its simple inhabitants.

Many of them preceded us, and walking backwards would gaze at us with a perseverance rather annoying. We entered one of their large assembly houses (*Maniapa*). The sides, like those of all the other buildings, were open. In the centre of this house was a large space covered with matting, on which lay or sat four old men jealously watching, apparently, as many baskets—supposed by us to contain family relics, probably the bones of departed relatives. Encircling this building, were several paths marked by boundaries of coral stone.

There are several wells on the Island containing brackish water, which none use but the unfortunate slaves; cocoa-nut milk being the drink generally in use. In the centre of the Island is a large pond of great depth, from which, periodically, the whole population are supplied with fish by means of seines. At any other time, but the period assigned by custom, should a native be detected poaching on this pond, he is instantly strangled. Marriages are arranged by their relatives. The father of the bride is expected to give presents to the parents of the bridegroom. These consist of ornaments and cocoa-nuts. On decease, the body is interred after a lamentation over it of three days. A feast is then given, at which all the friends of the deceased are invited to attend. After a lapse of time the body is exhumed, the skull is carefully cleaned, ornamented, and then placed in the house of the deceased's principal relative. It is frequently oiled and attended to. They imagine, that, should they not do all honor to their departed relatives, the spirits of the latter will continually trouble them.

We returned on board, and continued to lay close to the shore on the lee-side. In the evening, the Island appeared to be completely illuminated along the margin of the beach; hundreds of little lights were in motion by the water's edge, and dancing in the surf. We presently discovered that the natives were busily employed catching flying-fish, torches being carried in the canoes for the purpose of attracting them, when they were caught in scoop nets as they rose to the light. Another method of catching these fish is by means of a line to which is fastened a small tackle, baited, the other end being fastened to a cocoa-nut shell. A number of these shells, with lines attached, are thrown into the water; the fish when caught attempt to rise, and being seen by the natives (who are paddling about in their canoes on the look-out), are immediately secured.

Next morning, we found we had been drifted by currents so far to the westward, that the Island was not visible. We beat up again, and regained our former position opposite the Island by noon. The natives again came off to the vessel in great numbers, bartering with us cocoa-nuts and a dried preserve made from the fruit of the pandanus. They, also, brought us off, in cocoa-nut shells, a syrup resembling molasses, produced by evaporation from the juice of the cocoa-nut tree; and quantities of toddy. This is obtained by the removal of that portion of the cocoa-nut tree which produces the fruit. The sap being allowed to drop into an empty shell, suspended from above the part which has been cut away. One of these shells becomes full in the course of a day. This toddy has a slightly acid flavour, and when new is really delicious.

Whilst at this Island, we were informed that a young native was about to be strangled for stealing cocoa-nuts. By a timely present of a few sticks of tobacco, we were enabled to save his life, and took him on board. He was not at all a good specimen of these people, having great prominent staring eyes, with a restless demeanour. He seemed quite careless as to his fate. We cut off his long locks, and provided him with some articles of clothing, as he was perfectly nude. The principal portion of the first two days he was with us he spent aloft on the crosstrees, singing one of his Island songs in a dolorous strain—his name was Kodoy. He afterwards turned out a bad speculation, as he was extremely lazy and cunning.

We left the Island of Nukunau, and steered our course westward toward another of the Kingsmill group.* On the

* The latest authority as to the Kingsmill (or Gilbert) Islands and their inhabitants, is the work of the Rev. SAMUEL C. DAMON, of Honolulu, who visited this and other Micronesian groups in 1861, in the "Morning Star," as Delegate of the Hawaiian Missionary Society. That work gives the following, as the population of this group; the figures having, it is stated, been furnished by Capt. RANDELL, a cocoa-nut oil trader, long familiar with these Islands:—

Makin and Butaritari, (Pitt's Island)	2,000
Marakei, (Mathew's Island)	2,000
Apaiang, (Charlotte Island)	3,000
Tarawa, (Knox, properly Knoy's Island)	3,500
Maina, (Hall's Island)	4,000
Kuria, (Woodle's Island)	1,500
Aranuka, (Henderville's Island)	1,000
Apamama, (Simpson's Island)	5,000
Nonouti, (Sydenham's Island)	6,000 to 7,000
Taputeuwea, (Drummond's Island)	7,000 to 8,000
Peru, (Francis Island)	1,500 to 2,000
Nukunau, (Byron's Island)	5,000 to 6,000
Onoatoa, (Clerk's Island)	4,000
Tamana, (Rotcher's Island)	3,000
Arorai, (Hope Island)	2,000 to 2,500

50,500 to 54,500

8th, we came in sight of the Island of Peru, just as the sun was sinking behind its groves of palms. We lay-to for the night. Morning was ushered in by squalls and rain, which prevented our landing on the Island. We were obliged to run with the gale. The boisterous weather, however, did not deter the venturesome Islanders from coming off to us in their canoes. They followed us most perseveringly for several miles, when, finding further pursuit useless, they gave up the chase. All this hazardous voyage in their frail canoes, in a stormy sea, did these simple Islanders undertake with the hope of obtaining a little tobacco.

Next morning, we again sighted land, *Nanaouti*, or Sydenham Island, situated in lat. 00 deg., 36 min. S., long. 174 deg., 24 min. E. We sailed pretty close to its southern end. This low Island stretched dimly away to the northward; a semi-circular reef connected the two extremities of the Island, enclosing in its centre a deep and placid lagoon. The reefs bordering these Islands, are extremely dangerous for vessels approaching too near the coast. A portion of this reef is dry, and the natives have erected platforms upon it for fishing purposes. The natives in canoes shortly approached. They resembled those of Nukunau in every particular. We bartered with them for cocoa-nuts and fish, of which we obtained an abundant supply. The principal village is situated on the south-east end of the Island, and is called *Mucha*. These natives attempted the capture of a whaler about two years since, but were repulsed by the crew, and several of them were killed. Disliking our proximity to the breakers, we steered south for Drummond's Island, the canoes following us for a considerable distance. These natives were equally eager for tobacco; and would willingly

part with mats and baskets, which would take them weeks to manufacture, for a piece about two inches long. On receiving a bit, it was thrust into the mouth, and some had their cheeks extended considerably, the result of an extensive barter.

On the 10th, we sighted *Taputeuwea* or Drummond's Island, situated in lat. 1 deg. 20 min. S., and long. 174 deg. 57 min. E. It presented the appearance of a string of numerous islets. We could not approach within six miles of the land, in consequence of a reef extending that distance seaward. We lay along the edge of this reef, and towards evening canoes were observed in the distance approaching the vessel, one of which arrived alongside before dusk, containing only two natives. They had nothing whatever in their canoes for barter, and had come all this distance to sea in order to beg a little tobacco. We allowed them to make fast to the vessel, and gave them some biscuit and a supply of the much-desired weed. This party soon left us. The moon rose immediately afterwards, discovering a second canoe close to us. It came alongside, and we threw them a tow-rope, to which they made fast, and lowered their matsail. They had abundance of cocoa-nuts and fish, which they eagerly exchanged for tobacco. There was nothing else they seemed to care for. Clothing they do not use, and they are even indifferent to knives and tomahawks. After we had purchased all they had to dispose of, an altercation took place amongst those in the canoe (four in number), probably about the division of their tobacco; however, one of them, a young lad, jumped into the sea, swam to the side of the vessel, and by means of the tow-rope succeeded in reaching the taffrail where we were seated. By signs he

signified his wish to go with us, clapping his breast repeatedly, then touching each of us with his hand. He exhibited his disgust at those in the canoe by spitting at them in a contemptuous manner. After a wordy war between the parties, the canoe left us, and our new recruit was handed forward, and duly installed as one of our crew by being presented with a shirt. The operation of cutting off his locks was left to be done by Friday in the morning. These proceedings seemed to yield Kodoy great satisfaction. The name of our new recruit was Bango.

The weather next morning was squally and unsettled. At daylight we stood in towards the land, and lay-to as close to the surf as prudence would permit us. Numbers of canoes now flocked off to pay their respects to the "Wanderer." Amongst our numerous visitors was the father of the boy, whom we shipped yesterday. In piteous tones the old man pleaded for his son to return to him. But the youth would not either speak to, or take the slightest notice of him, and even carried his ill-feeling so far as to make signs for us to shoot him—a striking instance of filial affection truly. By the assistance of Timmararare, who acted as our interpreter, we managed to arrange matters with the old man; and a present, consisting of a file and a piece of tobacco, reconciled the aged savage to the loss of his first-born. A brisk trade was again carried on by the canoes, and we took on board an immense stock of cocoa-nuts. Being unable to obtain water at the Islands, we used the delicious milk of the green nut as a substitute, and found it cool and refreshing.

Flying-fish are abundant throughout these Islands, and

the natives kept us constantly supplied with as many as we could use. They are decidedly the most palatable of all the ocean fishes. A great variety of fish of the most extraordinary forms are to be met with on the coral reefs that lie beneath the equator, in this part of the Pacific; some are arrayed in the most gaudy hues, and their rainbow tints vie in beauty with the gayest birds and butterflies of the tropics; some are blue and scarlet, with beaks like parrots, others again are clothed in green and orange, with scarcely any mouth visible to their large bodies, whilst in others the mouth occupies the greatest portion of the fish. Many varieties of small sea snakes, some of them remarkably beautiful, are frequently seen about the reefs.

Taputeuwea consists of a series of small islets, which, at high water, are separated from each other by the tide. At low water they are all connected by a chain of coral rocks. To seaward, a dangerous reef extends for nearly six miles, enclosing a small lagoon in the centre. The reef is covered by the sea to the depth of several feet at low water, and during heavy weather a violent surf breaks in a sheet of foam along its whole extent. The most important of the Islets is at the north-western extremity of the chain, and the principal village there is called Utiroa, abreast of which is a fair anchorage with a sandy bottom. This Islet is densely populated; too much so, indeed, for its limited extent, and the cocoa-nuts it produces are barely sufficient for the support of its teeming inhabitants. There is, however, one check given to the population by the all-prevailing custom amongst the females of producing abortion during pregnancy. The inhabitants of the northern and southern ends of the Islands were, at the time of our visit, engaged

in a sanguinary war, and there seemed every probability of the northern tribes defeating the others, and driving them to sea in their canoes, compelling them in their turn to gain a footing upon some of the leeward Islands, or to be cut to pieces by their conquering enemies.

Thieving is sadly prevalent amongst these Islanders. On arising in the morning, the owners of land walk out through their cocoa-nut groves, in order to ascertain that none of the nuts are missing from the trees; and so clever are they in detecting a theft, that they can immediately find out if a single nut has disappeared. Should a robbery of this kind have taken place during the night, a great hubbub is instantly raised; the owner loudly vociferating, and vowing vengeance against the culprit. Should the guilty party be discovered, and he be an owner of land, the matter is brought before the elders of the people, who meet together in a Maniapa, and decide upon the amount in nuts or land to be paid by the offender as a compensation for the theft. In the event of the thief being an extensive landholder, and having plenty of friends to undertake his cause, he will refuse compensation. Arms are then resorted to, and the affair is decided by battle. It more frequently happens, however, that the thieves are unfortunate slaves, who have nothing to lose but their lives; and, on detection, they are sacrificed without mercy, and put to death in the most cruel manner. The culprit is bound hand and foot, and deliberately hacked to pieces with the fearful-looking weapons edged with sharks teeth, to which we have before referred, as being peculiar to this group of Islands. A short time since a woman was detected stealing a bunch of pandanus fruit, her punishment was most severe. She was buried alive immediately upon the discovery of the theft.

A native marrying an elder daughter, takes with her any younger sisters she may have, and they, likewise, become his wives. In selecting a wife, beauty has no attraction; she who possesses the greatest quantity of land and cocoa-nut trees, being regarded as the most eligible. A man may have as many wives as he can support. Tattooing is not universal. The men are more fully marked than the women. Their usual ornaments are necklaces of alternate black and white beads made of shells. Necklaces of human teeth are highly prized. They manufacture their fishing-lines of human hair and the fibre of the cocoa-nut husk. The females are particularly fond of their children, whom they never chastise. Every village contains a Maniapa, which is built by the inhabitants; besides being used as houses of justice, feasting and other public observances are held in them. These edifices are about 120 feet in length by 60 feet in width, open all round. They have sloping roofs, covered with a thick thatching. A flooring of strong wicker-work is elevated about two feet and a-half from the ground, covered with matting, upon which the natives seat themselves. In each village there exists a house of refuge, whither a man who has committed a murder, or other crime, can fly for protection; and where he can remain unmolested, until the affair has blown over, his friends supplying him with food.

The aspect and manners of these natives are so highly pleasing, that it is difficult to believe they are capable of so many cruelties. * The only disease with which they were

* In April, 1841, a seaman, named John Anderson, belonging to the United States ship Peacock, (of Wilkes' Exploring Expedition), one of a party who had landed on this Island, was enticed into one of the houses, or into the cocoa-nut grove, and, there is every reason to believe, was immediately murdered. On the following day, a strong party was

afflicted, as far as we could ascertain, was a species of leprosy, the body being covered with scabs of dry skin, which gave those suffering from it a repulsive aspect. Before leaving this Island, we added a third recruit to the number of our crew. We ascertained that the Ariel had been at this Island, and had left precipitately, being under the impression that treachery was intended on the part of the natives; she being manned only by a native crew, with the exception of the sailing-master, Bradly.

On the 12th, we left the Island of Tapeutuwea, and sailed westward for Ocean Island, the native place of Timmarare. No sooner was Tim aware that we were now steering for his native Island, than he was constantly aloft looking out for land. On the morning of the 15th, Tim's sharp and anxious eye discerned his beloved Island far on the horizon. No sooner did he see it, than he began shouting for joy, exclaiming, "that my land!—that my country!" Ocean Island or Panapa, situated in lat. 0 deg. 48 min. S., and 169 deg. 40 min. E., is the most leeward of the Kingsmill group.* Its appearance is different from that of the others, being much more elevated. The highest portion of the Island is about 100 feet above the sea level, and presents the appearance from sea of a rich green mound. Tim informed us that there was no reef on the lee-side of the Island.

sent from the ship in search of the missing sailor. All attempts at parley were found unavailing. The natives mustered in force and, fully armed, advanced upon the boats, evidently anticipating an easy conquest of the whole party. Nor was it until after they had stood the discharge of a shot or two and of a rocket, that a general volley drove them ashore. The Americans then landed, and burnt the village of Utiroa, (mentioned in page 36,) where Anderson had been kidnapped. The officers of the U. S. Expedition found the people of Utiroa most expert and indefatigable pickpockets.

* Ocean Island is not ordinarily classed as one of the Kingsmill group, but its people are of the same race as the Kingsmill Islanders.

We, therefore, stood close in shore, and perceived numerous houses, but could discern no inhabitant. We lay-to and fired, when several of the natives made their appearance; being within hail of the shore, Tim called to them from the rigging. Hearing themselves addressed in their own language, the natives crowded to the beach, when a long conversation took place between Tim and those on shore; after which he descended from the rigging, and told us the King would be off in a short time. But Tim, not wishing to be seen by him, concealed himself below. Tim also informed us that there were two Kings or great Chiefs on the Island, and that the one now coming off was not his sovereign, his own King being at the other end of the Island. In a few minutes, three canoes were seen paddling from the shore; the first canoe, from its being more ornamented than the others, we rightly concluded contained the monarch. We let down the side-ladder for his accommodation, and welcomed his Royal Highness on board. He was accompanied by three chiefs, apparently much older than himself, and richly tattooed. The King appeared in all his naked majesty, a fine stout jolly-looking fellow, but entirely devoid of the tattooing which was so profusely displayed on the bodies of his attendant chiefs. The only ornaments they wore were the shell necklaces of the usual kind, and each had a bunch of fine plaited cord hanging over one shoulder. Being unable to converse with them, we compelled Tim to issue from his hiding-place, which he did with evident reluctance, and appeared very bashful in the presence of the savage monarch. Far more so, indeed, than if he stood before the highest potentate of Europe. Tim underwent considerable interrogation from the King, before we were able to open a conversation with him. They had

mistaken the "Wanderer" for a fighting ship, or, as they expressed themselves, for a vessel that killed men; and, on her appearance, had hid themselves in the bush, until Tim's hailing them had dissipated their fears. On inquiring the reason why so few canoes came off, Tim informed us that we must first give a present of tobacco to the King, who would then remove the taboo under which they had been placed. They would then come off, and trade with us. We, consequently, gave the King a glass of wine and a present of tobacco, on receiving which, he prepared to depart for the shore; disdaining the use of the ladder, he leaped from the vessel's side into the water, followed in like manner by his companions, and swam to the canoe which was awaiting some distance off. We saluted our illustrious visitor by firing four guns on his departure, which seemed to please and frighten him at the same time. We lay off for the night. A similar scene presented itself to that we saw at Nukunau,—the natives catching flying-fish by torch-light. The Island seemed lit up by myriads of dancing stars, reflecting their brightness on the dark water. The effect was like enchantment.

Next morning, Mr. Boyd went ashore with Tim and a boat's crew, and was hospitably received by the potentate who visited us yesterday. Meanwhile, canoes came off, and we laid in a fresh stock of green cocoa-nuts, and, also, got well supplied with fish. The natives of Panapa resemble those of the adjacent Islands in all their leading features; tattooing, however, is more general. Their canoes far surpassed any we had yet seen in beauty of workmanship. They are provided with outriggers, but the sail is never used, being prohibited by the Kings, so that the

Islanders should not be tempted to go far from land, as the strong currents and trade-winds might prevent their return to the Island. This care for their safety may be accounted for by the fact, that the population is less dense than at the windward Islands, and the two Kings who divide the Island, vie with each other in the number of their subjects.

In the afternoon, Mr. Boyd went with Timmararare to visit his home—great changes had taken place in the domestic circle since his departure about three years ago. His father had paid the debt of nature, and Tim had the melancholy pleasure of beholding his skull carefully scraped and oiled, on a shelf, in one of his dwellings. His mother had again entered into the connubial state, having ceased to mourn for her former husband. Tim, who now found himself the possessor of several hundred cocoa-nut trees, decided upon leaving the schooner, to enter upon his patrimony. Mr. Boyd and Tim had been welcomed on shore by upwards of 500 natives, who had become aware of Tim's arrival, and they expressed great joy at his unexpected return.

On the return of the boat, I prepared to go on shore for the purpose of taking a ramble over the Island on the morrow, and accepted the offer of Tim's hospitality. He had come on board to remove his box and bedding, the former evidently an object of great interest to his inquisitive friends, who were all eager to inspect its contents. We left the "Wanderer" which then stood off for the night, and were escorted by a number of canoes. Mr. Boyd had presented Tim with a musket, which he fired off at intervals during our passage to the shore, to the no small astonishment of

his admiring fellow-countrymen. We had some difficulty in landing through the surf, but the moment the boat got into shallow water, she was seized by numbers of natives, and carried high and dry upon the shore beyond the reach of the tides. Old and young of both sexes flocked to the beach to receive us. An elderly female stepped forward, who appeared to be a priestess, and approached Tim. In her hand she held a bunch of leaves, of a species of laurel, twisted together. With these she passed her hand gently over Tim's face and down his body, accompanying the manipulations with an incantation, the meaning of which was, "May your days be long! May your cocoa-nuts yield abundantly, and your friends be numerous!"—After this interesting ceremony was over, we all proceeded to the village, and arrived at Tim's paternal dwelling. Here another ancient sibyl met Tim, and with a shell of water sprinkled his head and face, and, with a monotonous chaunt and violent gestures, assayed to drive all evil from his abode.

Tim's absence of three years had changed the boy into the young man, and many dark-eyed beauties now looked on him with anything but indifferent feelings; he being at the present moment one of the most eligible young men on the Island. With a large box full of wealth, in the shape of figs of tobacco, knives, and files, Tim had but to make his choice, and there was but little fear of any damsel refusing him. Whilst Tim was giving directions for the evening meal, I strolled with my gun along the beach, accompanied by a number of young lads. I was well-nigh making an unlucky mistake; observing a number of large birds at a short distance, I raised my gun to fire at them, but was suddenly checked by my companions who motioned

me not to fire. They turned out to be tame fish-hawks, belonging to the king; but for what purpose his majesty keeps these birds I am at a loss to determine. They are on the wing during the day, and return each to his accustomed perch at sunset. A native resided in a house close by, whose occupation was, virtually, that of royal falconer, for his sole duty was to look after these birds, and see that they were not molested. Returning to supper, I found a clean mat spread for me; and I was abundantly supplied with fish, cocoa-nuts, pumpkin, and, in fact, all the dainties which the Island afforded. This was, indeed, a merry-making amongst Tim's friends, who celebrated the return of their long-lost relative over repeated draughts of toddy. Many of the natives were out fishing by torch-light as usual. The setting in of night was a signal for all the community to bestir themselves; men and boys running about with lights, others carrying on their shoulders their canoes to the beach; those already afloat shouting to the natives on shore. The shrill voices of women were also heard, and all these sounds mingled with the roar of the surf, and the rustling of the canopy of leaves overhead. The night was far advanced when I lay down on the mat prepared for me, and slept soundly until daylight.

The sun rose gorgeously over the ocean, and the balmy breath of morning came over the waters with a sweet and refreshing influence. The natives were astir with the first rays of the sun. I rose and went to the beach for the purposes of ablution. I found numbers already there, frolicking in the surf. After bathing, I returned to breakfast—our morning meal consisted of fish and cocoa-nuts, with the addition of the kernel of a nut, resembling in taste the

European chesnut. I now, accompanied by the usual retinue of young savages, took my way into the centre of the Island. Panapa is of coral formation, and it is evident that the upheaving force of volcanic agency has been exerted at different periods of time ; intervals of repose intervening. There are three terraces, each distinctly and similarly marked ; each of these terraces having at certain periods composed the coast line of the Island. Rocks, water-worn and preserved in fantastic shapes, jut out to a considerable height from the *debris* of coral forming the soil. As on the other Islands the soil is scanty, and the surface entirely covered with coral pebbles. Viewed from the sea these Islands present one dense mass of foliage, but on landing one is undeceived. The cocoa-nut trees grow at some distance from each other ; but their wide spreading tops form a grateful canopy of shade from a vertical sun. The trees nearest the beach bear abundantly and are the most luxuriant. The soil on these Islands is so scant that but little vegetation is found besides cocoa-nut trees. On the summit of Panapa there are stunted trees, with laurel-shaped leaves, and a few beautiful flowering shrubs.

Of birds we shot the white tern, a small bird resembling a thrush, and the common black petrel of the Islands. The latter are very numerous, one shot bringing down from eight to ten of them from the trees, on which they crowded. The fish-hawks I carefully avoided firing at, as they are considered sacred by the natives.

The population of Ocean Island is between two and three thousand. The principal Chief or King is Tapuranda, who, with his son, governs the S. W. end of the Island. The

son Tapu-ki Panapa is the party who boarded us when we first arrived, and is considered as King of the sea. When a vessel appears in sight, he taboos all the canoes, no one daring to go on board until he himself has paid the vessel a visit. On receiving a present, he removes the taboo, and permits the canoes to trade with the vessel. The N. E. end is under the control of another Chief or King, named Tapati, who is less independent than his fellow-potentate. Like as at Nukunau, the whole Island is claimed by various individuals—a native's wealth consisting of cocoa-nut trees. They grow melons and pumpkins, which, with abundance of fish, an edible nut, and the invariable cocoa-nut constitutes the food of the inhabitants. Fresh water is found on this Island, but is difficult to be obtained. On the summit of Panapa, amongst its turretted and water-worn rocks, are several caverns, the entrance to which are mere fissures in the rock. The descent is several hundred feet in a slanting direction. The females, provided with a lamp of cocoa-nut oil, and a shell for conveying the water, descend into these gloomy caverns, and bring out one or two shells filled at a time. We had several casks filled from this source for the "Wanderer."

The principal village, which is situated at the N. E. end of the Island, contains upwards of one hundred houses, in construction similar to those we saw at Byron's Island. There is a public building of considerable dimensions in the centre of the village, where the natives meet together when any subject of importance is to be discussed. It is also in these buildings that feasts are celebrated. At such times, every man brings food with him, and exchanges his own supply with that of any of his neighbors, who may possess

a similar quantity to his own. The custom is, for no man to partake of the food he himself provides. In front of this building is a clear space, perfectly level, which is retained for purposes of amusement. It is shaded on all sides by fine trees, and as we passed along several youngsters were amusing themselves at a native game. They had a representation of a bird made of feathers, which one boy would throw into the air with a spear, whilst others with two balls attached to a coil of line, would attempt to lasso it when in the air. These balls they jerked in a dexterous manner, and with great precision.

The houses in Panapa are remarkably clean. The ground outside the dwelling is carefully levelled, and spread frequently with clean white coral pebbles from the beach. The floors of the houses are also spread with the same material, on which mats are laid for repose. The men go naked, whilst the females usually wear a cincture of leaves round the loins. They are a fine and prepossessing race, of a light yellow or brown color, many with the ruddy glow of health on their cheeks. Some of the gentlemen are tattooed from head to foot, with transverse and waving lines. Their most valuable ornaments are necklaces formed of human teeth. Many wear a slender rod, about eighteen inches in length, in their hair, which at one end is decorated with feathers. This instrument they pass through their hair as a comb to prevent its becoming matted together. The hair upon the head is worn very long; but they pluck out their hair from their beards. A fine set of teeth is much valued as being an accessory to good locks. No man in Panapa has more than one wife. When a young man is paying his addresses to a girl, he affixes a band of leaves

round his ancle. The children are frequently betrothed as husband and wife when very young. On arriving at a certain age, they are united by a formal marriage ceremony. The age at which these nuptials take place is generally that of fourteen. The young couple sleep together several nights before marriage. The nuptials are consummated by extensive feasting, and a meeting of friends and relatives, as well as certain other ceremonies at which the old women officiate. On the decease of a native, his friends meet together; his body is ornamented with feathers and carefully oiled, after which a great feast takes place, and on these occasions liberty is given for every one to speak their mind freely, which gives rise to no small amount of scandal and depreciation of each other's character, especially amongst the weaker sex.

Thieves here, as on the other Islands, are punished with the extreme penalty of the law. If poor, death is their inevitable portion. If rich, by making sufficient compensation, the matter is settled. Sometimes the delinquents are banished from the Island. They are placed in a canoe with a supply of cocoa-nuts, and sent adrift to perish unheeded, far away on the wide ocean. The art of tattooing is practised by priests, who are looked upon as people of considerable importance. The Kingsmill Islanders recognise two Gods, the one is a good, the other an evil Deity. It is to the latter only that they pay homage. They consider that the good one will not injure them, but to propitiate the evil power they make offerings of cocoa-nuts, fish, and other articles. The wicked god is represented by a pointed stone, erected generally at the foot of a cocoa-nut tree. Numbers of these are to be seen on the Island, with

the offerings placed before them. They also put faith in dreams. Should a man dream of a cocoa-nut, he hastens to pull one as soon as he arises in the morning, lest death or sickness follow his neglect.

On my return to Tim's house, I found the King Tapati had arrived for the purpose, as I soon discovered, of exacting from Tim a portion of his wealth. His Kingsmill majesty, an old man elaborately tattooed, sat beneath the shade of a pandanus. Tim's box was brought out and opened before him, the contents being carefully inspected. A portion of the tobacco, a few files, and a tomahawk were selected and appropriated by the King, whilst some articles of clothing were rejected with disdain by his naked majesty. After the contents had been again placed in the box, the King retired apparently satisfied with the result of his visit. There was no lack of toddy supplied on the occasion, and the King did me the honor to present me with his own shell to drink out of. At Tim's request, as the King retired, I discharged my double-barrelled piece as a royal salute, apparently much to the gratification of the savage monarch and suite, and to the unbounded applause of the congregated mob.

The "Wanderer" having again stood close in shore, Tim sent off two boat-loads of cocoa-nuts, and a quantity of pumpkins, as a present to his late masters. I still remained on shore, wandering about, highly delighted with my visit. The natives behaved kindly, and wherever I went food was offered to me. The refreshing trade-winds keep the air in a state of balmy coolness, and perpetual summer reigns over these Equatorial Islands. In the evening, I returned on board the yacht, taking with me the water obtained from

the caverns. We shipped here several young Islanders, who formed a welcome addition to our limited crew.

Next morning, we were favoured with another visit from Tapu-ki Panapa. He brought us a present of some fowls, and, after courteous exchanges of civility, he returned on shore. Tim, also, came on board to bid us farewell. He had already cast aside as superfluous every article of clothing, except his trousers, and, I presume, that it was out of compliment to us that even these were retained. He was much distressed at parting. We presented him with more tobacco; also, with some knives and files, and taking a last adieu, poor Tim went ashore crying as if his heart were like to break. He was as good-natured and attached a creature as ever I remember to have met with.

CHAPTER IV.

“ What men are these? A simple harmless race,
 Their home—yon coral islets green and fair,
 To “ Wanderers” o’er the sea a resting-place
 Most welcome. Let us land, and rest us there.”



IN the 19th of August, we took our departure from Ocean Island, and bore away to the southward for Stewart’s Islands, leaving with Timmararare a letter for Bradly, should the Ariel visit Panapa, informing him of our departure and intended route. We had light winds and calms, succeeded by squally weather.

On the 28th, we sighted land. On a nearer approach, we distinguished a cluster of five Islands. The sea seemed to break between them, excluding any idea of an open passage. The aspect of these Islands very much resembled that of the Kingsmill group, being thickly covered with cocoa-nut trees. We sailed close in shore, but no natives appearing, we began to doubt the fact of its being inhabited. But we were not long in being undeceived, three canoes being observed paddling towards us. These canoes had no sails, and the sea running high, they were not visible until they were almost within hail of us. We hove to, and permitted them to come alongside. Making their canoes fast to the vessel, they scrambled on deck. These natives have the same characteristic appearance as other Polyne- sians. We were surprised to hear several of them address

us in very good broken English. They informed us that a party of Europeans had been some time on their Island, collecting beche-le-mer, which abounds on the reefs. From this party they had gained considerable proficiency in our language.

Stewart's Islands are situated (the largest) in lat. 8 deg. 43 min. S. and 163 deg. W. long. These Islands are very thinly inhabited, the entire population amounting to only 180, the majority of these being males. They tell us that their forefathers were drifted hither from the Eastward. The language spoken by them closely resembles that of the New Zealanders and the Hawaiian Islanders. About five years ago, the inhabitants of Stewart's Islands attempted the capture of a schooner, which appeared for the purposes of trade off the Island. They went to the attack armed with bows and arrows, but they were easily beaten off, and three of their number killed by musketry. They have since laid aside all warlike notions, and weapons have ceased to be used amongst them.

The men here wear a broad strip of native cloth around their loins, and the females have the greater portion of their body covered with the same material. The men wear their hair cut close to the head, leaving only a long tuft adorning the crown, the sides of the head, or in front, as the fancy of the wearer may dictate. Their arms and breasts are tattooed in a fanciful and peculiar manner.

In the evening the canoes left us, and returned on shore. The "Wanderer" lay off the land for six hours, when we tacked, and again stood in for the Islands; we found the

current had carried us out so far, that when daylight came, no land could be seen. It was well nigh noon before we regained our position of the previous day. The natives again came off bringing with them presents of fish and cocoa-nuts. Their canoes are hollowed out from a single tree, with the addition of top sides; and to give it greater buoyancy, the sides are fastened on the body or hull of the canoe with bark fibre. They are furnished with outriggers, without which they would not for a moment retain their perpendicular position upon the water. As it was our intention to take in a good supply of cocoa-nuts at this place in lieu of water, which is not obtainable here, I proposed to go on shore to make arrangements accordingly with the natives, and also to see the Islands. Mr. Barnes wishing to accompany me, we left the "Wanderer," trusting ourselves, for the greater novelty, in the frail-looking canoes of the Islanders, who considered this display of confidence on our part as highly complimentary to them. Having carefully wrapped my fowling-piece in oil-cloth, and taking some provisions and a blanket, I declared myself in readiness. Soon I was seated, or rather wedged, in the canoe, without the least chance of changing my position. Mr. Barnes got into a similar contrivance, and off we started, six natives paddling in each. The sea was pretty rough, and the breakers at times made a complete breach over us. Our little craft danced and jumped over—and sometimes, I may say, through—the waves in the most gallant manner, being as buoyant as a cork. Although she soon got filled with water, the natives displayed no concern, as there was no danger of her sinking. But it was anything but pleasant to us to be cramped up in a narrow boat knee-deep in water, and otherwise drenched with the sea. Hearing a

shout behind us, I looked round just to perceive the outrigger of a canoe rise into the air and fall slowly over; I gave the alarm, and several canoes which kept us company, returned to render us assistance. It appeared Mr. Barnes had been trying to stretch himself, or ease his position in the canoe, and by so doing had caused it to capsize. Beyond a good ducking, no serious consequences were attendant upon this disaster, although it might have ended in a less pleasant manner, as we had observed a large shark dodging us for some time.

We had to pull about six miles to the shore, but, as we neared the land, the water became much smoother. A coral reef extends from the most leeward Island for about one and a-half miles to seaward. The tide being out, we found barely sufficient water on this reef to float the canoe. It was near sundown when we landed on the first Island. The principal, and I may say the only village, is situated on the most windward and largest Island, which was five miles further on across a lagoon of smooth water. We made preparations to remain for the night upon the first Island. We lit a large fire, and sat down under a tree, whilst the natives cooked our supper. We found here only a few fishing-huts of a very inferior description. While supper was preparing, Mr. Barnes and myself enjoyed the luxury of a bath, leaving our wet clothes with the natives to be dried by the fire. The moon was high, and the evening balmy and delightful. We returned, and partook of roasted fish and taro root. The latter was cut into thin slices, and cooked in cocoa-nut shells. We were afterwards conducted to the best hut, where clean mats had been spread for us to repose on.

We had recollected to bring a few candles with us, which we found very useful, as one likes to see where one is going to lie in a strange place. It was fortunate we had provided ourselves with lights, or we might have imagined our habitation to be occupied by every noxious reptile. As far as the fading daylight had shown us, the Island appeared covered with rough pebbles of coral. Imagine our surprise on lying down to sleep, to find that all these imaginary pebbles had become endowed with animation. A dull crackling, or rather rustling, noise seemed to pervade the air, earth, and sea, and so disagreeably near to us, that I started up to ascertain the cause. Judge of my astonishment, when I perceived the numerous rough-looking pebbles all alive, moving about briskly upon the floor of our hut, and crawling over our mats in all directions. A little nearer inspection discovered them to be shells of a species of perrywinkle of all sizes, each being occupied by a kind of hermit-crab, projecting his rough and ugly-looking claws from the orifice of the shell. I went outside, and found the entire surface of the Island in motion. The moon enabled us to see that not only on the ground, but even on the trunks of the trees, on the roof of the huts, and every place to which their claws could gain access, there were these creatures to be found. Their appearance was the very opposite of prepossessing, but as soon as I was convinced of their harmless nature, I slept soundly.

Early next morning we were aroused by our native friends, and prepared to cross the lagoon. These Islands, the work of that wonderful animalculæ, the coral insect, are probably raised upon the summits of submarine mountains. Connected with these Islands, there is generally a

central lagoon of great depth, which I imagine to be the extinct crater of a volcano. It is established as a fact that the coral insect only works from a certain depth, which accounts for the existence of these lagoons; the insects only forming their deposits on the summits of those mountains whose altitude is within a certain distance from the surface of the sea.

We started for the larger Island, crossing the deep lagoon, whose waters were placid and of the brightest blue. Numerous fish of the most brilliant hues sported in the clear water of this fairy lake; and myriads of young flying-fish would rise from the bow of our canoe and fall some distance off like a shower of diamonds. The long rolling waves of the vast Pacific bursting harmless on the reef, enclosed in a cloud of spray the smooth basin ever which we glided. After about an hour's paddling we landed on the principal Island, called by the natives Ihikaiana.* It is about seven miles in length, with an average breadth of a mile and a-half. The Island extends in the form of a crescent. The soil is rich but shallow. The vegetation exceedingly rank. The cocoa-nut trees grow to an immense height; their closing tops entirely excluding the sun's rays. On entering these groves of palms you pass suddenly from the brightest sunshine to a cool green twilight. Besides the cocoa-nut, there are a variety of evergreen trees of considerable magnitude, and with dark rich foliage. The pandanus and mame apple are here abundant. Through the woods a pathway led to the village. Unlike the clean neat houses of the Kingsmill Islanders, we found the

* The Sikyana of Captain Cheyne. See Cheyne's "Islands of the Western Pacific Ocean."

dwellings filthy, and accumulated heaps of cocoa-nut husks lay decaying around. The natives are possessed of pigs which feed on the cocoa-nuts, and yield a sweet and delicate pork. On our arrival, food was offered to us, and we did ample justice to the fish and taro which comprised our breakfast. After our meal I unwrapped my fowling piece, which I found quite dry, and sallied out in search of sport, accompanied by many of the young natives. The northern point of the Island is densely wooded. Here numerous pigeons are accustomed to resort, feeding upon a berry, which these trees produce. I found plenty of sport. My young friends were in extacies of delight; and great rivalry existed amongst them as to who should first pick up the falling birds. The pigeons are of a large size, and are remarkably delicate eating. I enjoyed myself exceedingly, sitting, when tired, under the cool shade, and luxuriating in cocoa-nut milk. The crabs here, as on the other Island, cover the ground, but they seem to be most active at night. I should not have noticed them had it not been for my former experience. I remarked several splendid flowering trees, whose blossoms hung pendant in magnificent clusters, several feet in length, and of a bright orange color.

Several dark bodies being pointed out to me by the quick-sighted natives, suspended from the top branches of a lofty tree, I loaded my gun and fired. A flock of enormous bats of the vampire species flew out, uttering shrill screams. My first shot not taking effect, I fired again and brought one to the ground. It fell wounded, but was immediately despatched by my companions. This animal, when its wings were extended, measured four feet six inches from tip to tip. Its body was covered with a dark brown

hair, with the exception of the back part of the head and neck where the color of the hair was a light yellow. These bats feed and fly about during the day, and present a singular appearance feeding amongst the leaves, attached to the branches by their hinder claws, and hanging with their heads downwards.

I saw several cultivated patches of taro, and passed in the forest several sacred houses where the *Aituas* of the natives are considered to dwell. These Islanders have two deities, both good spirits, called respectively *Whiatahu* and *Whiluanuinga*. No one enters these spiritual abodes but the Chief, to whom, on my return to the village, I paid my respects. The Chief of Stewart's Island was an old gentleman, rejoicing in the possession of three wives, equally as old as himself. It struck me forcibly that he might have dispensed with a couple of them to advantage, as there are ten men on the Island condemned to single-blessedness, there being no wives obtainable for them. The Chieftainship seems to be hereditary, and the elder son of the present Chief is heir-apparent to the honors of his father. The old man holds a mild patriarchal sway over his people, and they all live in peace and plenty. In one house I found a woman busily engaged working at a loom, weaving the cloth of which their maros or belts are made. The material is the fine inner bark of a tree split into thin fibres, and not in any degree twisted in weaving. We had a splendid supper on roast pigeons, which we ate with a keener relish, from the fact of our having had a good day's march for the purpose of procuring them, which had sharpened our appetite for the evening meal. The Wanderer stood close in shore at sundown, and I sent a

canoe with a quantity of pigeons on board, and desired the boat to come on shore for us in the morning.

Night closed, and I was conducted to a comfortable hut, rather cleaner than the most of those in the village. Fresh leaves covered with a mat formed my couch. A screen of fine matting was let down from the ceiling and surrounded my bed, to keep out mosquitoes and other noxious insects. Mr. Barnes was similarly accommodated in another hut. During the night the rain fell in torrents for several hours, then suddenly ceased. Finding it intolerably hot after the rain, and unable to sleep, I took a walk along the beach, accompanied by mine host of the hut. The moon getting towards the full, broke forth in splendour, bathing the dewy foliage with her silvery beams. The majority of the natives were abroad, some were bathing, others sitting on the beach enjoying the cool air from the water. The moon again became overcast, and the glory of the night changed as suddenly as it had burst on us. Several heavy drops falling compelled us to return. We regained our hut just as the rain began to descend like a flood. It did not again cease until daylight. Early next morning we returned to the first Island, there to await the arrival of the boat.

The reef abounds with fish which are caught by the natives with scoop nets, and also with the spear. Shells of great beauty are also produced in abundance, and the huge *chama* or clam-shell attains to an enormous size, being several feet in diameter. Sea-birds of many varieties are numerous on these Islands, among others the sea-hawk, white and grey herons, and the beautiful tropic bird *phaeton aetherius*.

About noon the boat arrived, and we returned on board the *Wanderer*. We lay-to all night, and in the morning again closed in with the land. After breakfast Mr. Boyd landed to have some shooting, and to reconnoitre the Island. He returned in the afternoon, accompanied by the Chief and five canoes. We purchased several fine pigs in exchange for tobacco and calico, and gave a present of some knives and tomahawks to the Chief. We shipped three of the unfortunate bachelors, as a further addition to our crew—all young men, who seemed glad to join us.

Stretching eastward from Stewart's Islands across the vast Pacific, and over a space of 70 deg. of latitude from New Zealand to the Hawaiis, are innumerable Islands forming clusters or chains, and reaching almost to the coast of South America. It is easy for the imagination to suppose they may be the elevated portions of a submerged continent. All these are inhabited by a light-coloured people composing the Polynesian race, whose origin is the subject of divers opinions. Some writers suppose them to be of Asiatic origin, others again trace them from the coast of South America, and identify them with the old and comparatively civilised races of that continent. There is more probability of the latter theory being correct, as the prevalent trade-winds and currents would facilitate their progress from the eastward. The present inhabitants seem to have degenerated, as these Islands bear traces of having, at one time, been peopled by a race not unacquainted with mechanics and the arts. The evidence consists of the ruins of stone temples of considerable magnitude, and of burial-places. On Easter Island are some remarkable stone

terraces upwards of twenty feet in height, displaying considerable ability in their erection.*

* Such remains are found in many places throughout Polynesia. At Tongatabu there are two large upright stones, with a heavier block of stone across their summits, which must have been placed in this position by people far superior in skill and in mechanical resources to the present Friendly Islanders. Remains of a Pyramidical form are, however, most common. Of such a shape is the tomb of the old Tooitongas (sacred High Chiefs) at the Island already mentioned.

Upon this subject we extract the following from a note by Mr. Edward Reeve, to his able and elaborate Gazetteer of Central Polynesia (a work, by the way, from which many have plundered information, which they have unblushingly presented to the world, very little altered, as the result of their own researches). Treating of the origin of the Poleynesians, Mr. Reeve says:—

“Various opinions have been expressed, and are still entertained, as to the origin of the Malayo-Polynesian race. Ellis and others have supposed them, with some show of reason, to have originally gone from America; but the weight of authority seems to determine that their forefathers must have come, ages ago, from Asia,—travelling eastward and south-eastward over the broad expanse of the Pacific, until they poured themselves upon the western shores of the American continent. A very able treatise was, in 1834, published by the Rev. Dr. Lang upon this subject, and it has since exercised the erudition and research of several eminent ethnologists. It is, moreover, not underserving of note that the martyr of Eromanga (Williams), whose knowledge and experience render him a not unimportant authority, was in favor of this latter theory. In illustration of the matter generally the writer cannot here do better than avail himself of the following observations from St. Julian’s “Resources of Polynesia,” (chap. ii. page 12). “That the old and comparatively civilised races of America, and the barbarous tribes of the South Sea Islands, have the same origin, must be manifest to any which has entered upon this interesting enquiry. The mind is at once struck by the various proofs of affinity. On most of the groups there are evidences of their having at one time been extensively peopled, and that by a race much superior in civilization to their present inhabitants. They have indeed left behind them many proofs of their superiority. Some of the ruins of their old temples are sufficient to show that the extent of the original structures must have been immense. Even in the more modern temples, the marais or heiaus of the Heathen tribes, there is a striking similarity to the Temples of Mexico. There is the same wall of stone enclosing the whole of the consecrated ground, and the same massive pyramidical structure for the purposes of worship and sacrifice. On the island of Tahiti, near the Missionary station of Atehuru, are the ruins of a national heiau. ‘The pyramid,’ says Ellis (vol. i., page 340), ‘forming one side of the square of this temple was 270 feet long, 94 feet wide at the base, and 50 feet high; being at the summit 180 feet long, and 6 feet wide. A flight of steps led to its summit; the bottom step was 6 feet high. The outer stones of the pyramid composed of coral and basalt were laid with great care, and hewn or squared with immense labour, especially the tiava, or corner-stones.’ The ruins of fortifications, of embankments, of the Hawaiian

Having laid in a fresh stock of cocoa-nuts, we left Stewart's Islands on the 2d September, and stood south for the

'cities of refuge,' of funereal monuments, and of other structures, present the same massive appearance, and remains of this nature are scattered throughout the whole of the islands". . . . Within the consecrated enclosures above mentioned the houses of the priests and keepers of the idols were erected. "Ruins of temples," says Ellis, in a passage subsequent to that above quoted by Mr. St. Julian, "are found in every situation, as at Maeva (near the lake of that name, in the N. part of Huaheine), where Tane's Temple, nearly 120 feet square, is still (1839) standing almost entire; on the extremity of a point of land projecting into the sea, or in the recesses of an extensive and overshadowing grove," &c. Jarves, also, in his admirable "History of the Hawaiian Islands" (chapter ii., p. 50, large edition), observes, respecting the ancient heathenism of that at present highly civilized and influential kingdom,—“Temples, or *heiaus*, were commonly erected upon hills, or near the sea, and formed conspicuous objects in the landscapes. They were works of great labour, built of loose stones, with sufficient skill to form compact walls. The usual form was an irregular parallelogram. That of Kawaihae, on Hawaii, was 224 feet long, and 100 feet wide, with walls 12 feet thick at the base; from 8 to 29 feet high, and 2 to 6 feet wide at the top, which, being well paved with smooth stones, formed, when in repair, a pleasant walk. The entrance was narrow, between two high walls. The interior was divided into terraces, the upper one paved with flat stones. The S. end constituted an inner court, and was the most sacred place. . . . The sacrificial altar was near the entrance to this court. Only the high chiefs and priests were allowed to reside within the precincts of the temple, &c.” Compare the above minute descriptions with each other, and with the accounts of late years published respecting American antiquities, of which, until so recently, little definite was known, and the extraordinary similarity, if not complete identity, of the ancient pyramids and temples now under investigation both in America and Polynesia, must at once become apparent.”

Mr. Reeve goes on to describe several of the American pyramidal structures, and to show their similarity to those found in the Polynesian Islands. In the same work Mr. Reeve also cites the discovery by Herman Melville; (see his Marquesas Island, chapter xxi.) of the remains of immense stone terraces, on the Island of Nukahiva. Melville, although a writer of fiction, has been confirmed as to the substantial accuracy of this description. It is in the following terms:—

“At the base of one of the mountains, and surrounded on all sides by dense groves, a series of vast terraces of stone rises step by step for a considerable distance up the hill side. These terraces cannot be less than 100 yards in length, and 20 in width. Their magnitude, however, is less striking than the immense size of the blocks composing them. Some of the stones, of an oblong shape, are from ten to fifteen feet in length, and five or six feet thick. Their sides are quite smooth, but though square, and of pretty regular formation, they bear no mark of the chisel. They are laid together without cement, and here and there show gaps between. The topmost terrace and the lower one are somewhat peculiar in their construction. They have both a quadran-

Solomon group of Islands. On the 3d of September we sighted an Island of considerable elevation—(the Island of Contrarieties;)—we were close enough to see that it was thickly wooded, but we could perceive no signs of inhabitants. We tacked ship to pass to windward of it. On the 6th September came in sight of *San Christoval*,* one of the Solomon group of Islands.

gular depression in the centre, leaving the rest of the terrace elevated several feet above it. In the intervals of the stones immense trees have taken root, and their broad boughs stretch far over, and interlacing together, support a canopy almost impenetrable to the sun. Overgrowing a greater part of them, and climbing from one to another, is a wilderness of vines, in whose sinewy embrace many of the stones lie half hidden, while in some places a thick growth of bushes entirely covers them. There is a wild pathway which obliquely crosses two of these terraces; and so profound is the shade, so dense the vegetation, that a stranger to the place might pass along it without being aware of their existence." The present Marquesans, he goes on to remark, consider them to be coeval with the Creation, and to have been built by the great gods themselves, an opinion from which Melville rightly concludes that they know nothing of their origin. "As I gazed upon this monument," he says, "doubtless the work of an extinct and forgotten race, thus buried in the green nook of an Island at the end of the earth, the existence of which was yesterday unknown, a stranger feeling of awe came over me than if I had stood musing at the mighty base of the Pyramid of Cheops. There are no inscriptions, no sculpture, no clue by which to conjecture its history—nothing but dumb stones. How many generations of those majestic trees which now overshadow them have grown, and flourished, and decayed, since they were first erected." A little further on he observes—"The dwellings of the islanders (the Nukahivans) were invariably built upon massive stone foundations, which they call pi-pis. The dimensions of these, however, as well as of the stones composing them, are comparatively small: but there are other and larger erections of a similar description, comprising the Morais, or burial-grounds, and festival places, in nearly all the villages of the Island. Some of these piles are so extensive, and so great a degree of labour and skill must have been requisite in constructing them, that I can scarcely believe they were built by the present inhabitants. If, indeed, they were, the race has sadly deteriorated in their knowledge of the mechanical arts. To say nothing of their habitual indolence, by what contrivance within the reach of so simple a people could such enormous masses have been moved and fixed in their places? and how could they, with their rude implements, have chiselled and hammered them into shape? All of these larger pi-pis—like that of the Houlah Houlah Ground in the Typee Valley—bore incontestable marks of great age; and I am disposed to believe that their erection may be ascribed to the same race of men who were the builders of the still more ancient remains I have just described."—(Melville's "Marquesas Islands," chapter *xxi*.)

* Native name, *Arossi*.

CHAPTER V.

“ Oft shall the shadow of the palm-tree lie
 O'er glassy bays wherein thy sails are furled.

* * * * *

From hills unknown, in mingled joy and fear,
 Free dusky tribes shall pour thy flag to mark.”



THE Island of San Christoval is situated in lat. 10 and 11 degs. S., and long. 162 degs. W. A point of land called Cape Oriental stretches out to the south-east, terminating in a number of small conical hills. Distant several miles from the main land are two Islands, *Santa Anna* and *Catalina*. We passed to windward of these and lay along the coast, a strong breeze carrying us onward. Towards noon the weather becoming squally, we took in our top-gallant sail and scudded along under a reefed topsail. Heavy clouds hung over the land, and the dim outline of high mountains imparted a gloomy grandeur to the scene. Intending to anchor, should we find a safe harbour, we got the cable on deck and the anchor clear. The weather continued hazy and squally with frequent showers of rain.

On the 8th, the weather became more settled, we shook the reefs out of our sails and spreading more canvas closed in with the shore, and sailed along the coast with a pleasant south-east wind. The day was warm and delightful, and the sky without a cloud. The flying-fish, rising from the “Wanderer’s” track, fell in glittering showers of blue and

silver, the waves tossed their spray into the sunny air, and everything was sparkling and bright. No mere description, however glowing, can realize the beauty of these scenes in the tropics. The sunny Islands and the glorious sunset alike defy the poet or painter to pourtray their beauties. It is the wanderer's reward to enjoy these enchanting visions.

We were now only distant four miles from shore. The mountains were clothed to their summits with forests, the coast presented a bold outline. In some places the hillsides next the sea were almost perpendicular. We as yet perceived no signs of inhabitants. On the morning of the 10th we saw indications of a harbour. The boat was lowered, and Mr. Boyd, with Ottiwell (our sailing master) and a crew, pulled in shore to ascertain if there was good anchorage. In the meantime several canoes full of natives made their appearance—never had I seen such beautiful boats. How gracefully they approached us, with each high peaked stem and stern, ornamented with crimson streamers and glittering with pearl-shell deeply set in the wood. The natives themselves presented a striking contrast to the light-skinned Polynesians. They were almost black, with woolly hair, and the countenance characteristic of the Papuan negro. They were not prepossessing in their appearance, neither were they confiding in their manners, and positively refused to come on board the yacht. Their canoes were from twenty to thirty feet in length, of considerable beam, and were formed of long planking, which appeared to be cemented together by some means. They used no outrigger or sail, but were very expert with the paddle. The stem and stern rose in a fine curve some feet

into the air, imparting to the canoe a grace and elegance I have never seen surpassed. Designs in mother-of-pearl, representing birds and fish, were profusely displayed on the body of the canoes, and a small image was generally placed inside near the stern. These natives were all armed. They had eight or ten formidable looking spears with jagged points in every canoe.

The boat returned with the gratifying intelligence that a splendid harbour lay round the nearest point, sheltered by the surrounding hills from the prevailing winds. We clapped all the canvas we could carry on the schooner, shot round the point, and were carried at once into a smooth and lovely harbour. So suddenly had we emerged from the rough and tossing sea into this calm and beautiful expanse, that it was like enchantment.

We anchored in thirty fathoms water, about a stone's throw distant from the shore. The scenery was as romantic as any lover of nature could desire to look upon. The natives now flocked around us in their canoes. We prevailed upon a few to come on board, which they seemed to do with no little distrust. Any apprehension they might have had was soon dispelled, and we became quite friendly. These natives go generally naked; a few only, and those females, wore a girdle of plaited leaves round the loins. They are not so well formed nor so graceful as the brown-skinned Polynesians—a low projecting forehead gives a disagreeable expression to their countenances. Their woolly hair, which is naturally black, is discoloured by means of lime, which they probably use for objects of cleanliness. Some, by this means, had hair of a bright yellow, and vary-

ing from that color to every shade of brown and orange. On their heads they wear an ornamented comb, with which they frizzle out their hair into a large mop. They are passionately fond of ornaments; the females, especially, are profusely decorated with beads formed out of shells, with armlets, and tortoiseshell ornaments. These natives use the betel-nut. It is chewed by both sexes. Suspended round their necks they carry a bag with a supply of these nuts, and a bamboo box containing lime, which they mingle with the nut in chewing.* This lime they obtain from burnt coral.

We had not been long anchored when the natives brought off yams, and a variety of fruits for barter—they showed great eagerness for all kinds of iron implements, files, knives, nails, and tomahawks. The height of their ambition was to obtain one of the latter articles. They were indifferent to tobacco; indeed, they did not seem to know the use of it. Amongst other fruits we had the Vi. apple. It resembles a large plum of a bright orange color, and has a pleasant acid flavour, with a rough fibrous core which contains the seeds. The mango also is here abundant. Those natives we allowed on deck were very inquisitive, and kept up a running fire of conversation with their friends in the canoes, no doubt giving them the result of their discoveries on board. The guns attracted a considerable share of their attention. To show them what sort of things they were, we loaded a six-pounder. They looked silently on while this was doing, but on the match being applied, followed by a report which reverberated like thunder amongst

* A habit, also, of most Islanders of the Indian Archipelago.

the mountains, they each made a spring over the side, gained their canoes, and retreated precipitately to the shore. It was some time before they could be persuaded that no injury was intended them.

At sundown we dismissed the few canoes that remained about the vessel, and kept a strong watch on deck, as we did not feel sure as to the disposition of the savages. The majority of us remained on deck all night, the temperature being mild. The moon rose on a lovely scene. The whole landscape was flooded with its mellow light, and the gentle heaving of the calm waters seemed like the breathings of a slumbering giant. The silence of the night was occasionally disturbed by the cry of a night-bird, and our native watch would ever and anon burst out with one of their Island songs.

On the 10th, the morning was delightful. The woods and forests resounded with the joyous notes of the feathered tribes, as they greeted the god of day. Mr. Boyd, who was an eager sportsman, went ashore in the boat at sunrise to kill a mess of birds for breakfast, and the frequent report of his gun told of his success. In about an hour, he returned with a fine lot of pigeons. The natives came off early. We descried their village at the head of the bay. They did not attempt to come on board, but contented themselves with paddling around the vessel. After breakfast, I went on shore to enjoy some shooting, and, landing on a shingly beach, I entered the forest, which was one vast mass of magnificent shade, containing many species of trees, some bearing the most beautiful blossoms; others, overgrown with creeping vines and parasites, hanging in festoons from

the top branches of the tallest trees, and decked with innumerable star-like flowers. Palms with their tall stems and feathery tops gave infinite variety to the foliage. A loud buzz of locusts and other insects filled the air. I had plenty of sport amongst the pigeons and other birds, which abounded in these solitudes. Once or twice I caught a glimpse of a small animal rooting about amongst the thick underwood, but was unable to get a shot at it, as it glided away so rapidly on my approach. Amongst the birds I shot, was a remarkably elegant dove. Its breast was a bright ruby color, and its body of a golden green and white. I also shot several varieties of parrots of gay plumage.

I returned on board with the birds I had shot. I found numerous natives alongside in their canoes, but they were in no-way troublesome. They returned on shore towards sundown. The night was calm and lovely. When the moon rose, Mr. Boyd took a boat's crew and pulled up the bay, to enjoy the beauty of the night. The sea was smooth as a lake, and silvered by the moonbeams. They pulled round an inner point of the land, and were lost to sight. Several hours elapsed after their departure, when I heard the stroke of oars to seaward, which I was unable to account for, as our party had left us in an opposite direction to go up the harbour. The approaching boat kept in the shade of the hills. When within speaking distance I hailed it—the answer was “Wanderer!” The next minute the boat emerged into the moonlight, and was soon alongside. Mr. Boyd here explained that he had discovered a very beautiful harbour. The boat had pulled into an inner bay, forming an extensive sheet of water, entirely land-locked. They

had pulled on for several miles, and imagining they had reached the head of the bay, were on the point of returning, when they discovered an opening through which they passed, and entered another large bay which brought them to the sea. What we thought was the main land, was thus discovered to be an Island. They had returned by sea to the vessel. Next morning the natives were off as usual. They generally brought us fruit and yams, for which we bartered. The canoes used in these inner bays are small and have outriggers.

We landed a quantity of casks to get filled with fresh water, a fine stream entering the bay close to our anchorage. The natives readily assisted our crew in filling the casks. I again went ashore with my gun, and ascended a hill overlooking the bay. I had a fine view of the surrounding country, and of the inlet discovered by Mr. Boyd the previous night. I wandered alone through the magnificent woods, and got to the extreme point of the Island, which appeared to be about five miles in circumference. Here I sat down on the edge of a cliff overhanging the sea, and gazed upon the magnificence of nature. The wide sea stretched out before me—behind the luxuriance of the tropical forest. The poet says:—

“ There is a pleasure in the pathless wood,
There is a rapture in the lonely shore ;
There is society, where none intrude,
By the deep sea—and music in its roar.”

Who but a wanderer can enjoy this pleasure ?

I returned on board with the game I had shot during my ramble. In the evening, several of us pulled up to the

head of the bay where the village is situated, and landed amongst the natives, who were all seated on the beach. They received us in a very distant manner. We, however, walked through the village, and inspected their dwellings; these are square—a frame of wicker-work, interlaced or lined with palm-leaves—a gable roof thickly thatched. They are roomy buildings. Some are divided into two apartments, more generally there is but one. The entrance is by a square hole about two feet from the ground, into which we found some difficulty in forcing our way. The only light is admitted through this aperture, and the interior is consequently dim. A fire-place occupies the centre. Their mode of cooking is by means of heated stones; the food being surrounded with these, with a covering of leaves, and lastly, of earth heaped on the top to keep in the steam. This is the common method of cooking amongst savage races generally. I noticed in every house one or more human skulls suspended from the ceiling, which was also decorated with spears, bows and arrows, and other weapons. One corner of the house was devoted to the reception of food. In this corner were piled baskets of edible nuts, yams, and cocoa-nuts. At the extreme end of the house, the floor was covered with matting, on which the natives reposed. Each family occupies a house.

By presents of fish-hooks and nails, we became quite friendly with the inhabitants before we left; but we took the precaution not to separate from each other while in the village. I remarked it as a general practice for these natives to go armed, a custom which does not say much in their favor. The village contains about twenty houses, and is situated on the margin of the bay, the thick woods form-

ing the back-ground. We remained on shore until the moon rose on a cloudless sky. The dark recesses of the forest were illuminated with the fitful gleams of countless fire-flies. Owls, flying-foxes, large bats, and other nocturnal disturbers kept up a continual screeching. On returning to the schooner, we noticed three canoes enter the bay from seaward, and pull towards the village. Next morning we were visited by several strangers, who had arrived at the village last night, and whose canoes we had seen enter the bay. One of them appeared to be a man of some consequence. His canoe was elegantly decorated. Its high peaked stem rose up in the form of a bird's neck and head, the beak was represented as holding a carved fish. The body of the canoe was highly finished, inlaid with pearl-shell, and otherwise ornamented with shells. From an upright staff near the bow, floated many crimson streamers. A small human image carved out of wood, was fastened in an upright position near the stern, inside the canoe, and there was another image representing a figure-head.

We invited the stranger on board. He at once accepted our invitation. By signs he gave us to understand that he came from a bay more to the westward, which he called *Makira*, and in which, as far as we could learn, several vessels had at different times anchored. This native gave his name *Isitado*. In the evening he returned with his party. We noticed they went round a bluff headland, about five miles to the westward of our anchorage. Next morning *Isitado* again made his appearance, and was allowed to come on board. My attention was attracted to the bag he wore round his neck, (in which the natives carry their betel-nut, ornaments, &c.), and from which protruded a folded paper.

On my expressing a wish to see it, he immediately placed it in my hands. On opening it, I read the following, which was written in French and English:—

1848.

“The Captain of H.M. corvette ‘ARIADNE’ informs the Captains of vessels who may put into the Bay of Leone, that the natives living in the mountains above Makira, murdered three French Missionaries on the 20th April, 1847, and that on the day of the 2d March, 1848, the crew of the French corvette destroyed by fire the two villages which the murderers lived in, and that several of them were killed and wounded.

“The Captain DUTAILLE gives to those gentlemen to communicate only with the natives of Leone, on the coast N.W., in the inner part of the Bay.

“On board H.M. corvette ‘ARIADNE,’ 4th March, 1848, in the Bay of Leone, San Christoval.”

Situation of Anchorage:

Lat. 10 deg. 30 min. 40 sec. S.	} Meridian of Paris.
Long. 159 deg. 10 min. 40 sec. E.	

On reading the above document, I showed it to Mr. Boyd. He agreed with me that the natives did not seem over-trustworthy, and that we must be cautious in our communications with them. Isitado returned home again in the afternoon, and we informed him by signs that we would visit Makira at a future period.

A week passed quietly, and becoming more familiar with the natives, we allowed them on board; but latterly they showed a disposition to steal whatever they could lay their hands on, especially anything made of iron; we, therefore, determined to keep them off the decks for the future. There were seldom less than ten canoes at one time, and sometimes as many as fifteen round the “Wanderer” from morning until night. They paddled about the schooner, and generally had something to barter—a basket of yams

or fruit, a string of fish, or a quantity of cocoa-nuts. These they would exchange for nails, knives, beads, &c. I noticed a peculiar ornament of the natives here, consisting of spurs inserted in the tips of their noses. It is a usual custom to have the nose perforated with one, two, or three holes, into which they would insert wooden spikes about an inch in length. It would be impossible for the sable lover to implant a kiss on the lips of his mistress, when the nose is graced with this formidable addition to their attractions. Tattooing is practised. The face is frequently marked with furrows of a lighter color than the skin, but how this is effected I had no means of observing. The ears of the females are perforated, and the lobes very much distended, to admit an ornamented disc of shell, with fanciful appendages of fishes' teeth attached. They also wear suspended round the neck similar discs, about three inches in diameter, on which are represented birds and fish.

One fine morning, Mr. Crawford and myself, accompanied by two of our crew and two natives of the Island, went a cruise in the whale-boat, taking with us a supply of ammunition and provision for the day's excursion. A light breeze from seaward scarcely ruffled the water. We set the sail and glided gently along. Rounding a point of land to the westward of our anchorage, we entered a wide bay studded with picturesque Islands, stretching inland for several miles. To the head of this bay we directed our course. We passed on our right the channel discovered by Mr. Boyd, dividing the Island at which we anchored from the main land. To the left is a bold bluff headland, round which, by the natives' account, lies the bay of *Makira*. As we proceeded we lost the breeze altogether, and were compelled to take to

our oars. We crossed a shoal, but more to the east there is evidently a deep channel from the darker color of the water. We landed on one of the small Islands, where several families of natives resided. Nothing could exceed the romantic beauty of the situation of their dwellings. The houses were reflected in the clear water, shaded by the drooping foliage of cocoa-nut trees:—the back-ground a dark mass of evergreen forest. These natives supplied us with cocoa-nuts. In exchange we gave them fish-hooks.

We again continued our course to the head of the bay. From the position of the hills, we were led to conjecture that a river might exist in this direction. We examined every inlet and cove, but could discover no appearance of a stream of any magnitude. We effected a landing on a gravelly beach, where a small creek of fresh water emptied itself into the bay. Taking the two aborigines with us, we left our two Islanders to guard the boat, giving them instructions to shout should they perceive the approach of any canoes or natives. There was no village in sight—we were surrounded by a vast solitude of primeval bush. We entered the woods. How grand and magnificent the forest appeared. Trees of immense height and magnitude rose around us in every direction; their trunks hidden by the foliage of creeping parasites, whose tortuous stems twined like serpents from branch to branch, and extended themselves along the ground. Numerous palms, many of them new to us, gave a rich appearance to the scene. It would be impossible to describe the wonders of the vegetable world here displayed, so varied and so beautiful.

Strolling a short distance up the side of the little stream,

we came on a beaten track, marked by innumerable fresh naked foot-prints. On seeing these, the two natives refused to proceed any further, and pointed with continued and angry gestures from the tracks to the mountains above us. Not doubting but that they had some reasons of their own for not falling in with the natives of these hills, we hesitated about proceeding further; but curiosity prevailed over our cautiousness, and we journeyed onwards, whilst our sable acquaintances returned precipitately to the boat. We followed the direction of the stream, shooting as we went, and loading ourselves with game. We penetrated about three miles inland, walking principally in the bed of the stream, nowhere more than ankle-deep, in order to avoid the thick underwood of the bush. We reached the base of a high hill; here the water which fed the stream, came trickling down the face of a precipitous rock. Unable to proceed further, we retraced our steps. I left my companion to follow a flock of parrots. They alighted on a lofty tree. When preparing to fire, I felt an indescribable feeling of uneasiness—an undefined sense of danger. Casting my eyes around, I saw at a few yards distance the dark form of a native rise slowly from a crouching posture, as if he had been in ambush. He had in his hand a formidable spear. I placed my back to the trunk of a tree. We surveyed each other in silence for some minutes. Whatever his intentions might at first have been, he now assumed a friendly aspect. Throwing his spear on the ground, he came forward, and pointing to the tree above, said "*Manu manu!*" (bird), and expressed, by signs, his desire that I should fire at the parrots; but, under the circumstances, I thought it advisable to retain the charge in my gun. Having always a supply of fish-hooks and nails in my pocket, I

gave one of the former to the savage, who immediately disposed of it in his hair, and expressed his satisfaction by stroking me down the back with his hand, grinning hideously at the same time.

Hearing the report of my companion's gun, I proceeded in its direction, keeping an eye on the native, who, I could perceive, still dodged my footsteps, which made me rather uneasy for the moment. On joining Crawford, he told me he had also imagined he had seen a dusky form amongst the underwood. We returned to the boat with the birds we had shot, comprising several new varieties of doves, pigeons, parrots, and other birds unknown to us. We rested ourselves for a time, and partook of some refreshment, and again started for the woods. Avoiding our former track, we ascended a steep hill on the flank of the creek. By a present of a few nails, we persuaded our sable friends to accompany us, which, however, they did unwillingly.

We gained, after some exertion, the summit of the hill. Here we found several old houses, which had evidently been deserted for some time. We now found excellent shooting, bringing down the pigeons right and left,—our native companions being of the greatest assistance, from their quick eyesight in pointing out the birds for us. A species of prickly palm caused us great annoyance. Its thorns would tear our clothes, and lacerate our hands and faces; sometimes holding us so firmly, that we had to assist each other to get clear. We returned to the boat with a good supply of birds, and prepared to go back to the vessel. The sun was now sinking fast, tinging the mountains with

a violet hue. I never saw a finer scene than that which now presented itself to seaward. The fairy islets and the bolder headlands throwing their shadows on the clear mirror-like surface—the colors varying as the sun disappeared. The natives called this charming bay *Manuporo*.

It was quite dark when we reached the schooner, and there being no natives alongside, we permitted the two aborigines to remain on board until morning. During our absence, the natives had brought on board alive a singular animal much resembling in appearance an opossum. Its body was covered with light brown hair, the extremity of its tail being nude.

On the following morning, Messrs. Ottiwell and Barnes started in the whale-boat to make a circuit of the Island, which we have named “Wanderer’s” Island, and our anchorage “Wanderer’s” Bay. They returned in a few hours with the boat full of cocoa-nuts, which they had obtained in the inner bay. They also landed on the main land at a village near the entrance to the channel, where the reception they met with from the natives was very equivocal. The increasing numbers of the savages, all armed with spears, bows and arrows, &c., warned our shipmates to make a hasty departure.

Having now got a sufficiency of water on board, and our rigging and sails in order, we prepared to start; it being our intention to cruise up and down this coast in search of the Ariel tender, having appointed this Island as another latitude wherein we should meet. At night, many canoes persisted in remaining alongside. They were frequently

driven off, but again returned. One of them was observed stealing under the bow of the schooner. Mr. Boyd fired one of the swivel guns, which were mounted on the rail, over their heads so as to frighten without injuring them. Immediately after the report a crash followed. The shot had taken effect on some canoe further distant, but invisible from the schooner, owing to the darkness of the night. A sudden splashing of numerous paddles indicated the presence of more natives than we dreamt of, and at least a dozen canoes commenced a hasty retreat to the shore, leaving a luminous stream in their wake. Whatever their intentions may have been, it is very certain they could have been after no good. Probably they intended to have sneaked on board for the purpose of theft. However, the natives were alongside next morning as if nothing had happened, offering fruit and yams for barter.

On the morning of the sixteenth, Mr. Boyd and myself, with two of our Island crew and three aborigines of Makira, left the "Wanderer" soon after daybreak to visit the famous Makira Bay, so frequently brought under our notice. It was agreed that Ottiwell should prepare every thing for a start as soon as we returned. Pulling out of Wanderer's Bay, we set our sail to the breeze, passed Manuporo, (the bay we had visited the other evening), rounded the high bluff point, and sailed with a fair wind along the coast, keeping nearly a due west course. As far as the eye could reach, the coast line extended away to the south-west. The more distant points of land faded away in the blue horizon.

An extensive indentation of the land forms a large bay, at the inner point of which Makira appeared to be situated.

We sailed along, merrily enjoying the ever-changing and romantic scenery of the coast. We passed several beautiful coves and bays with their white beaches and small villages, shaded with groves of clustering cocoa-nut trees. These pretty spots were surrounded by high mountains, whose sides sloped with steep descent towards the water. Where the bluff headlands were washed by the sea numerous caverns appeared, scooped out by the waves which broke with a loud roaring sound as they rolled into their recesses. We had now sailed about ten miles, and had arrived near the head of the bight, yet saw no opening. Still our native friends pointed ahead, and continued to cry *Makira! Makira!* When within half a mile of Makira we perceived an opening in the land. We sailed through a narrow passage, and found ourselves in a spacious harbour entirely landlocked; the only entrance being the passage by which we had entered. Inside, the harbour widens and affords shelter from every wind. The bay is about half-a-mile wide and three miles in length. The water averages in depth from ten to thirty fathoms. It is surrounded by high mountains, and the bay appears more like an inland lake than an arm of the sea.

We took down our sail (as on entering the bay we were immediately becalmed) and pulled to a village pointed out to us as the residence of Isitado. Numerous natives, old and young, and of both sexes, met us upon the beach. This village is finely situated on the margin of the bay, and I could discern no less than three other villages in different places, all at the water's edge. Many clearances in the forest for the cultivation of the yam, shewed that there was a considerable population in this district.

The number of houses in Isitado's village is about forty. The whole population surrounded us on landing. The children who are, while young, rather interesting, were very familiar, and we found it no easy matter to move our legs as they hung to our clothes, with their bright eyes fastened on our countenances. The male (adult) portion of the community observed a stern deportment, and their custom of always appearing armed gave them a hostile aspect. The females gratified their curiosity by staring at us from behind their lords. Isitado came forward to welcome us. On his first appearance he carried a long spear, but he threw it down, and came forward smiling. We accompanied him to his house. Declining his invitation to enter, we distributed the treasures of our pockets amongst the inhabitants. These treasures consisted of fish-hooks, nails, and beads. The grim countenances of the men would relax into a smile on receipt of a nail, and their sable wives and daughters would receive with equal bashfulness and pleasure a few glass beads.

Intimating by signs my wish to have a few green nuts to drink from, the moment I was understood, away the boys all scampered, and were seen ascending the tall stems of the cocoa-nut trees, each trying who should throw down the first. A whole shower of nuts shortly fell, and the little fellows descending, gathered them up and brought them to us. Mr. Boyd and I being both thirsty, agreed that merely to drink cocoa-nut milk, it was worth while to come to these Islands. It is really delicious.

The greatest attraction to us here, was a long building resembling a shed, the entrance open, and facing the water.

We went inside, and observed two very beautiful canoes richly adorned with pearl. Supporting the rafters were several wooden images of men about eight feet in height, carved with considerable skill, and ornamented with lines of red and white chalk. These images were also supported by representations of fish and birds, carved out of the same blocks. The figures carried in either hand carved fish, and a bird on each side of the head. From the roof, extending the whole length of the building, was hung a deep fringe of palm leaves. Ranged along the rafters were rows of human skulls, and pendant from the ceiling were skeletons of fish, turtles' heads—and lastly, rib bones, thigh bones, and other human remains. Near the entrance, were suspended baskets and strings of cocoa-nuts, edible nuts, shells, fishing-nets, and several broken spears and clubs. I surmised from the presence of the latter, that the ghastly objects were trophies of war. Several of the skulls appeared fractured as if by violence. The carved images are probably representatives of their deities.

I noticed that every canoe has a small image attached inside near the stern, and the front of their houses are generally decorated with a figure, which is placed in a conspicuous position. The long building appeared like the den of some wicked sorcerer, with its skulls, bones and scalps, and its frightful and mystic-looking images. I also noticed two large oblong wooden vessels, hollowed out of the solid tree, each capable of containing at least fifty gallons. They were ornamented with pearl-shells. In the extreme corner was a fire-place. I am strongly inclined to imagine that these people are cannibals, and that this may be the scene of their horrible feasts. Whilst we were engaged in view-

ing the interior of this house, Isitado joined us. He did not appear at all concerned at our freedom in entering this apparently sacred edifice. The natives went in along with us, and from what I could see, they entertained no feeling of respect for the grotesque-looking carved figures inside.

We could spare but little time for further reconnoitering, as we were anxious to get back to the "Wanderer" in time to put to sea before sundown. Before leaving, Mr. Boyd presented Isitado with a tomahawk, which set the savage chief capering with joy; and, as we pulled out of the bay, I could perceive that this useful present was the cause of rejoicing to more than the fortunate owner. Having to pull against the wind on our return, our progress was but slow; the two aborigines, also, being unaccustomed to the oar, soon slackened their exertions.

Pulling close along shore to avoid the wind as much as possible, we were passing one of the numerous caverns hollowed out by the sea, where we observed a great many swallows, in size no bigger than humming-birds. These, Mr. Boyd imagined, might be the builders of an edible nest, similar to those so highly prized by the Chinese. We pulled into the cavern, the water being smooth and deep. The interior branched off into two separate compartments. We followed the wider one for a considerable way, until we were almost in darkness. The roof here was about twenty feet high. The temperature became disagreeably hot and oppressive. Enormous bats, disturbed by our entrance, uttered loud screams, and the air became filled by their dusky forms. This cavern penetrated much beyond the point to which we reached, as we could hear the break of

water a long way further in. As we pulled out, we searched for swallows' nests, but were disappointed in not finding any. When we gained the bluff headland, the natives were dead-beat with pulling. To give them a little rest, we steered in shore, and entered another cavern more lofty and wider than the former one. Finding plenty of water, we pulled inside, and hauled the boat up on a small sandy beach within the cave, which was covered with detached pieces of rock. The roof formed a lofty arch, about sixty feet in height, decreasing gradually towards the further extremity. This roof was studded with the nests of the swallows before mentioned, and the birds themselves almost darkened the entrance. None of these nests, however, were within our reach. In order to ascertain their nature, we fired at them, but the shot blew them to pieces, and a quantity of shining dust fell down.

The gigantic bats also inhabited this cave. I shot one. It measured two feet across the wings extended. Its body was scantily covered with hair, of an unpleasant green color. These squalid and obscene looking creatures are furnished with a rudimentary tail; and, altogether, present a most unhealthy and disgusting appearance. I also succeeded in procuring several of the small swallows. We remained in the cavern upwards of an hour, when we again made a start, and did not reach the "Wanderer" until the sun was going down, which made it too late for us to leave that night.

In the evening I went ashore, accompanied by Baines and Ottiwell, with four of our crew, to inspect a house of images in the village at the head of the bay, of the exist-

ence of which I was not aware until my return from Makira. This building was smaller than the one I saw at the latter bay, and the figures were inferior in workmanship. By the light of a candle with which I had provided myself, I noticed a row of skulls, and the other mournful trophies which I have before described. While I was examining this mysterious edifice, Ottiwell gave warning that the natives were becoming alarmed, and were mustering in considerable numbers on the beach. We immediately made for the boat. The natives were evidently bent on mischief. An old fellow—who kept, however, well back in the darkness—was spurring them on by a vigorous speech. We might fairly infer that our position would become anything but agreeable, if we remained any longer on the shore. I remarked on the beach a canoe, the ornamented head of which had been destroyed; probably the one damaged by the shot the other night. To this the old savage was making reference in terms, no doubt, anything but agreeable to ourselves. Finding we were on rather unsafe ground, we pushed off, the savages making a great noise, but evidently deterred, by seeing our number, from more hostile expressions. On getting on board, we found a theft had been perpetrated. The savages had boarded the vessel under cover of the night, unseen by the watch on deck, and had carried off several boarding-pikes, cutlasses and tomahawks, which put us all on the alert. Next morning, not a native was to be seen, nor did any canoe come off to us as usual.

On the 17th, we tripped anchor and set sail for a cruise along the coast, in search of the “Ariel.” Having no wind in the bay, we towed the schooner out, when, catching the breeze, we lay along the land. About midnight it blew a

gale, which carried away our foreyard, and with it the topsail. Securing the wreck, we lay-to until morning (18th). The violence of the gale abated, but the sea still running high, we endeavoured to put into Marau ("Wanderer's" Bay). But the sun set before we could accomplish it, and we lay off again for another night. The following day we had very unsettled weather. In the evening, however, the breeze favoured us, and we stood in for Makira.

Perceiving our approach, many canoes came to meet us; amongst the rest Isitado, who came on board and acted as our pilot, pointing out to us the deep water channel. There is a clear passage into the bay bearing N. E. Isitado informed us that a ship had been off the coast which he had boarded. From his account, we must have passed each other on the night of the 18th. She had probably been blown to the southward by the subsequent gales. We got safely into Makira, and anchored in ten fathoms water. In the evening, we dismissed the canoes which had been hovering around us, and set a watch for the night. The ensuing morning Mr. Boyd, myself, and Crawford, went on shore for the purpose of selecting a spar to replace our broken yard. We fixed upon a likely looking tree growing close to the beach, which we felled, after making the natives acquainted with our intentions. Crawford undertook the task of making the yard, and having got the broken spar on shore, the amateur carpenter set to work, several of our native crew assisting him. During these operations, Mr. Boyd and I kept our table well supplied with game; the shooting being excellent in the immediate vicinity of our anchorage.

I at several times paid a visit to the house of images. I find these places are receptacles for their canoes. There are three such buildings in this village. In one I noticed a very large double-banked canoe, evidently of great age, which appeared to be laid up in ordinary. On one of the beams of the same building was a grotesque representation of a battle, executed by a native artist. There were figures of the dead and wounded; one party evidently routed and escaping to their canoes, while the victors were slaughtering the captured. I was extremely puzzled to conceive the use of a large hollow log which was lying in this place, until one of our natives explained it to me by beating a tattoo on it with two sticks, showing that it was used as a drum. In the dwellings of the natives I remarked bones of fish, dried fruit, and other articles suspended from the ceiling, which, from their smoked and blackened appearance, seemed to be coëval with the house itself.

The food of these natives consists of the invariable cocoa-nut, yams, and many kinds of fruits, among which are the mango, bread-fruit, banana, vi-apple, and an edible nut which abounds in the woods, the kernel having the flavour of a chesnut. A supply of these is generally to be found in every house. Fish are plentiful, and are caught by scoop-nets and lines. They also possess pigs. In the centre of the village is a mound, surrounded by a wall of stones, reserved to all appearance for the reception of the shells of the nuts before mentioned; but, I afterwards ascertained that it was a place of interment for the dead. Growing close to this mound were several sombre-looking trees, whose leaves were almost black. On my plucking one of the branches, the natives showed signs of uneasiness, and

motioned to me to throw it on the grave, which I accordingly did. There must be some mystery attached to these trees.

In one of the houses I saw two wooden vessels, very beautiful specimens of native taste and ingenuity. These vessels are used for household purposes; for containing food, &c., and are hollowed out of the solid wood. When finished, they are varnished outside with a resinous substance, and inlaid with pearl-shell. The only tools possessed by these people are stone adzes, and it is wonderful with what beauty and precision they complete their work. Their finest canoes are formed of several longitudinal pieces, the entire length of the canoe. These are neatly joined and bound together with bark fibre, and the seams cemented with a kind of pitch. This pitchy substance is the product of a vegetable, resembling in appearance a smooth round potatoe. This singular article is hard outside, and when required for use is scraped down to a pulp, containing sufficient moisture in itself to make it plastic. It is applied in a soft state, but hardens on exposure to the air, and is not affected by sea-water.

I soon became a favourite with the young natives of Makira, who always welcomed me on shore. They were delighted to accompany me on my shooting excursions, and were never more pleased than when I gave them some article to carry for me. They are very interesting when young, but they early lose their good looks, and when old their appearance becomes repulsive. These youngsters were of considerable service to me, when tired and oppressed with excessive heat and thirst. They would ascend one of

the lofty cocoa-nut trees, and throw down the green nuts; the cool milk of which is the most refreshing drink one can imagine. A large species of centipede is found amongst the dry leaves in the woods, of which the natives stand in great dread. They are usually about eight inches in length, of a light grey color, with rings of a darker hue, and numerous small legs. Scorpions, ants, and several poisonous spiders are met with in abundance. I received a bite from one of the latter, which was exceedingly painful. Snakes are also numerous, several whose bite is dangerous. I killed one of a dirty yellow color, which measured five feet in length.

One morning, after breakfast, I went ashore for the purpose of ascending a high hill, immediately behind the village. Two young volunteers accompanied me. The day was excessively hot, and the ascent tedious. On gaining the summit, I sat down and made signs to my youthful friends to get me some fruit, as there was an abundance in the neighborhood. They shook their heads, and pointed through the bush where a smoke might be seen curling among the trees, hinting the proximity of a native village, where probably the owner of the trees resided. I followed a track leading along the summit of the hill, and soon arrived at the settlement. The village contained about fifteen houses. Adjoining it and carefully fenced in, to protect it from the prowling pigs, was a large yam cultivation,—the native name of the yam is *whi* (*dioscoria alata*). The natives were remarkably civil, and readily supplied me with fruit. In return I gave them some nails and fish-hooks. Here I shot some large parrots with crimson plumage, and an elegant crimson-colored dove, which I had

not hitherto seen. I started a large guana which ran up a tree. I fired at him, but the shot rattled off his scales without taking any effect, and he escaped into a hollow branch. From this retreat I in vain attempted to dislodge the monster, and the natives declined ascending the tree for that purpose. From the elevated position on which I stood, I could occasionally, when the forest was pretty open, command a view of the ocean and of the coast for many miles. It was studded with Islands, and indented in many places with bays and harbours.

Returning to where Crawford was at work upon the spar, he informed me that he had several times detected our sable friends in the act of stealing the tools. Two of our crew were assisting him, and keeping a watch on the aborigines. Our Islanders look with great contempt on these people, and consider them an inferior order of beings. Thus even these untutored Islanders look on a black race with aversion. With them it must be color alone, for they do not seem to be less capable of improvement than those who treat them with such contempt. Indeed, the natives of San Christoval far excel the others in the arts. Their splendid canoes, their household utensils, their wooden vessels for holding their food, their fishing-nets, &c., are all superior to anything we had before seen. In point of personal appearance, there is a great difference between the two races; the Papuans being black, ugly, and repulsive, whilst the brown-skinned Polynesians are gentle and pleasing in their manners and aspect. One remarkable fact may be noticed, viz.: the resemblance in language between these Papuans and the New Zealanders (who are

of the brown-skinned Polynesian race). As an instance of this I may notice the numerals especially :—

<i>English.</i>	<i>New Zealand.</i>	<i>San Christoval.</i>
one	tahi	eta
two	rua	rua
three	toru	oru
four	wha	whai
five	rima	rima
six	ono	ono
seven	whitu	piu
eight	waru	waru
nine	iwa	siwa
ten	tekau <i>or</i> ngahuru	nahuru

Mr. Boyd, whose sporting propensities vied with my own, was on shore almost daily, making great havoc amongst the feathered tribes. But as yet he had been the most cautious of our party, seldom venturing out of sight of the vessel, and had several times cautioned me not to place too much confidence in these people. The natives here had given us no trouble thus far, except in their incapability of resisting the temptation to steal any thing in the shape of iron that might come within their reach. Every night a strict watch was kept on deck by our party, and all canoes were ordered on shore at sundown.

One day Mr. Boyd and myself, accompanied by a couple of our crew, went up the bay for the purpose of dredging for shells. We also collected some fine specimens of coral, some resembling delicate plants, so fragile, that it was difficult to preserve them entire. Others resembled mushrooms and sponges, while immense bushes spread their branches in all directions like a submarine forest. When first taken out of the water, these specimens vary in color from dark red to green and purple, but the colors soon fade

when dry. Many brilliantly tinted fish were rambling through these gardens of the sea. In the more shallow parts, beche-le-mer or sea-slug is abundant. In the evening we frequently took our small boat, and pulled about the bay for hours together. When the mantle of night descended upon the landscape, and the fire-flies gleamed in myriads amongst the dark recesses of the undisturbed forest, there was no sound except the shrieking of night-birds and vampires, and the unceasing wail of the ocean. As our oars touched the water, the gleam of phosphorescent brightness left a silver track in their wake; and the breath of night came balmy and soft across the waters, laden with aromatic odours from the solitudes of the primeval woods. At such times, we occasionally pulled outside the heads to listen to the murmur of the waves, as they rolled and broke in the coral caverns along the coast; and to shoôt the gloomy vampires who came forth from their caves to fly abroad in the darkness, and to feed upon the fruits that the gorgeous birds of day had abandoned for a while to the creatures of night.

On the morning of the 23rd, I went ashore at the opposite side of the bay, with the intention of ascending the highest mountain in our neighborhood. On landing, I sent the boat back to the vessel, and went alone. The first few steps rather unceremoniously introduced me to a large snake, which glided stealthily away into the rank under-wood, to the mutual satisfaction of both parties. The ascent was more tedious than I had anticipated. I rested several times before I reached the summit, but when I arrived there, the view more than rewarded me for my toil. Below me lay the still placid bay, with the "Wanderer" resting

like a bird on its bosom. Beyond, the open ocean, blue as a sapphire. The coast studded with islets. Like a distant cloud on the horizon appeared the Island of Guadalcanar.

I remembered now that I was in the mountains above Makira, where the French missionaries were killed. I started to make a circuit, intending to gain the village opposite the "Wanderer's" anchorage, in order to accomplish which, I had to travel in a semicircle about five miles. I struck on a path which led me to an uninhabited hut, close to which was a heap of the nut-shells indicating a grave. Adjoining it, was a low narrow erection, enclosed and thatched with leaves. Drawing aside the loosely-plaited covering at one end, I discovered inside a human body. It was much decayed, and on close examination proved to be that of a female. The body was resting on its side, and appeared to have been a long time in its present position. Following the track, I came to two houses and a small patch of cultivation. A female was standing at the entrance to one of the houses, the moment she saw me she screamed and ran into the bush. Immediately a man appeared, who seemed astonished at seeing a white stranger on the top of the mountain. My first act was to offer him a couple of large nails, which he took and threw them inside one of the huts, and held out his hand for more. I made signs that I was thirsty, and desired a drink. Ascending a tree he threw down two green nuts, the contents of which I drank, and gave the native a further present of nails. He shewed no signs of hostility, nor could I discern any other natives in the vicinity.

I continued my course, which now led down hill, and

arrived at a large patch of kumera or sweet potatoe. These plants require little culture ; the ground, after being cleared, is loosened with a pointed stick, and a slip of the plant stuck in the soil. Stakes are placed to every slip, up which they climb. The blossom resembles that of the convolvulus, to which species of plant the kumera belongs. Here I shot a bird, which fell some distance off. After a little search I found it, and on regaining the path I caught a glimpse of the native, whom I had left at the hut a few minutes before, close by me, with a spear in his hand. It was now quite evident that his intentions were hostile. I went a few steps towards him, and motioned him back, he answered by waving his hand, as if ordering me to go on. I knew better than to turn my back on him ; had I done so, his spear would have been through me in a twinkling. I advanced with a bold front on the savage, and presented my gun at him, as if about to fire (although it contained no charge) ; seeing me cool and determined he lost heart, and bounding away disappeared amongst the trees, whilst I reloaded my piece and pursued my way, taking the precaution every few minutes to look back to ascertain if my enemy was still lurking behind.

What a charm to be alone in these woods—there is something solemn in their depths, where the sun never penetrates. On the tree-tops, birds of song and bright plumage sport in the sunshine, while lizards, equivocal looking insects, and reptiles, with a few birds of doleful aspect, spend a misanthropic life in the deep shade. I never saw a finer forest. The trees are, some of them, of great size, and lofty, and of every variety of foliage, from root to branch, decked with parasitical plants and creepers of great

beauty. The diversity in appearance of the seed-vessels is not less remarkable than the richness of the flowers. One gigantic pod, containing seeds like a bean, would measure six feet in length. Another tree produces its fruit on the trunk. Some hang like bunches of crimson beads. Others produce globular fruit as big as an ostrich's egg.

Leaving the track I had hitherto followed, I struck down the sloping declivity of the mountain, towards the margin of the bay. I crossed a small stream of clear cool water, which gurgled half-hidden amidst the shade of the under-wood, and came out of the woods about a mile from the village. On reaching the water's edge, I discovered the boat at a little distance, pulling along shore, evidently looking out for me. My hail quickly brought the boat to where I stood, when we pulled on board the yacht. It was now late in the afternoon. A native brought to Mr. Boyd a snake, which he had just killed, which was put in a jar of spirits for the purpose of preserving it. When at supper a slight noise attracted our attention, proceeding from that identical jar. Presently the cover moved slowly off, and the head of the killed snake appeared—he did not like our company, for he flattened his head in a most threatening manner. At first there was a general retreat, for the reptile came out of the jar altogether, and attempted an escape. However, we attacked him, and extinguished life a second time—more effectually than it had been done at first—he had been brought on board stunned only. No sooner had this alarm subsided, when a peculiar and unaccountable noise was heard in a corner of the cabin, which, on examination, proved to come from several large shell-fish, of a species of

turbo, which had been placed there during the day. Finding themselves now uncomfortable in the cabin of the "Wanderer," they were expressing their disapprobation by blowing and squirting water about.

Next morning it transpired that a native had committed a theft, having stolen from their sheaths the knives belonging to two of our crew, while the latter were assisting Crawford with the spar. The theft was discovered before the guilty party was out of sight. The two Islanders gave chase, but the thief escaped amongst the thick bush. So incensed was one of the lads at losing his knife, and failing to capture the thief, that he vented his rage on the trees around by hacking them with a tomahawk, to the admiration of the aborigines looking on, who treated the affair as an excellent joke.

By the first of October the spar was nearly completed, when ready, we shall again be enabled to resume our voyage. During our stay here the weather has been delightful, occasionally the heat would be rather oppressive, but nothing to what I expected in these latitudes. The climate I should imagine healthy; we see no signs of sickness or distemper amongst the aborigines, and our own party have enjoyed uninterrupted good health.

The "Wanderer" is daily surrounded by numerous small canoes with outriggers, suitable only for the smooth water of these bays. The larger and more ornamented canoes being used for voyages along the coast. It is with some difficulty we now keep the men from coming on board. The females never attempt to do so. With the peep of day

these sable beauties are alongside with fresh fruit, contained in neatly plaited baskets of green palm-leaves. Their own charms are enhanced by decorating their hair with gay flowers. Their lively chatter and ringing laugh mingle with the screaming of the parrots and the melodies of the songsters of the adjoining forest. Mr. Boyd and myself spent a day in making a circuit of this bay. We were highly pleased with its capabilities as a harbour. Several small streams of fresh water empty themselves in various places into the smooth basin of Makira. We also visited the spot which the French missionaries, who were murdered, formerly occupied. The position was well chosen, being a flat on the margin of the bay, surrounded by high hills, and commanding a view to seaward as well as of the entrance to the harbour. The inhabitants of Makira had taken no direct part in the murder of these priests, they having been put to death by the natives who occupy a position in the mountains above. Mr. Boyd thought so highly of this splendid harbour, that he determined, at an early opportunity, entering into a treaty with the principal natives of the locality, for the purpose of acquiring and holding a tract of land, including Makira, for future commercial purposes. The only drawback would be the hostile disposition of many of the other native tribes.

A rock-islet, at the entrance to the bay, I discovered accidentally to be a sacred repository for the dead. Under a solitary gnarled tree in the rent of the rock, lay a number of skeletons, in two promiscuous heaps. They seemed to have been placed there at different periods; some were very old indeed; a few were comparatively recent. Whether these skeletons indicated a burial place, or the remains of

some cannibal feast, it is difficult to determine. As the natives seemed uneasy at our noticing them, we left these relics of mortality undisturbed.

Mr. Crawford accompanied me in another ramble in the bush, for the purpose of penetrating somewhere into the interior. We crossed a narrow neck of land, dividing Makira from another large bay, which stretched inland, but how far we could not ascertain, as our view was intercepted by a high bluff. We ascended by a native track, which led us to the top of a range of mountains, running direct inland. Here we met an old native gathering nuts in the bush. He gave up his occupation and followed us. We came to a cluster of cocoa-nut trees, which our old friend owned. We purchased a few nuts from him, the exchange being a few nails. His wife and three children soon joined us. His settlement, which we found a little distance off, consisting of two houses, and a large piece of ground, enclosed, and particularly planted with yams, taro, and other esculents. The houses were shaded by banana trees, with their rich branches of ripe fruit.

From this clearing we had a good view of the country. An extensive valley, winding between mountains, stretched away in the distance. We imagined we saw a river sparkling in the sun, a long way off. Mountains and valleys were clothed with a thick forest, apparently untenanted by man, except in the extensive distance, where numerous columns of smoke indicated a considerable population. We entered a path leading down through the bush to the valley. Then a rapid and gurgling stream followed a tortuous course towards the opposite side of the island. The

rich damp soil of the valley caused vegetation to present a most luxuriant appearance. Afraid of proceeding too far in this unknown neighbourhood, we retraced our steps, returning by the same track by which we had come, and safely reached Makira bay.

Next morning, I again ascended the mountain which I have before described as rising behind the village, at our anchorage, taking with me two native boys, who carried my shot and game basket. I found on the summit of the hill, on several of the trunks of the larger trees, numerous representations of fish and birds, cut out on the bark with considerable skill. Descending the hill, and when about half-way down, I was startled by hearing a loud noise in the village beneath. My young companions, at the same instant, threw down the birds they were carrying, and darting down the steep path disappeared in a moment, leaving me wholly unable to account for the cause of this sudden outbreak. Not doubting there was some mischief brewing, I took the precaution to leave the beaten track, and descended through the thick underwood, making towards the point where the "Wanderer" lay.

On reaching the edge of the forest, I discovered that the yacht had removed from her former position, and had anchored opposite the village, so close in shore that her bowsprit hung over the land. The noise in the village had increased, and I could hear the voices of a large body of natives, evidently women and children, ascending the hill. Skirting the bush, I got within hail of the "Wanderer," when I shouted for a boat, which instantly appeared and pulled towards me. The moment I appeared on the beach,

a native rushed towards me, brandishing a spear; others following him with hostile-like demonstrations. On leveling my gun at the foremost, he stopped and raised his spear, as if to throw, when Isitado appeared. While he was remonstrating with the savages, I jumped into the boat and pulled on board.

I found the deck guns loaded, and run out. On enquiry, I learned that a native had stolen an axe from Crawford, while he was at work on the spar. He had missed it immediately, and made chase in pursuit of the thief, who hid himself somewhere in the village. Ottiwell, who was on shore at the time, had joined in the search, and a house being pointed out by a woman, as the hiding-place of the fugitive, they captured him with the axe in his possession. After a violent struggle they took it from him, when he flew to a bunch of spears, one of which he hurled at Ottiwell with great force. He avoided the missile by leaping on one side, and again closed on the infuriated savage, wrenching three other spears from his hands. The baffled thief then made his escape into the bush, followed by a number of the natives, who appeared to make his cause their own. They almost immediately re-appeared, making a great noise, and brandishing their weapons. Crawford had gathered up his tools, and with Ottiwell, withdrew on board. The schooner had been subsequently brought up to the village, so as to command the whole flat.

The natives had sent off all their wives and children to the bush, and were apparently eager for a fight. Isitado, alone, acted in a friendly manner, and appeared to wish for peace. He stood unarmed, on the beach waving his

hand. Mr. Boyd sent the boat for him, when he unhesitatingly came on board. We entered into a treaty of compensation for the theft committed; five pigs and one hundred yams were demanded, which were marked down on paper by Mr. Boyd. On this original document appeared the figure of a pig, with five marks below it, and also a figure representing a yam, with one hundred marks underneath. Isitado, who appeared to understand the thing perfectly, returned on shore with the paper, and called a general meeting of the inhabitants, when a discussion, loud and long, followed. They were considering, no doubt, whether they should yield to the demand or fight; and, to do them justice, they did not seem afraid of us. Many of the younger warriors came on the beach, making warlike demonstrations; however, the result was their compliance with our demands, and Isitado soon came off, bearing the first instalment of pigs and yams.

So pleased were we with Isitado's conduct, and so friendly had been his demeanor to us, that we returned the pigs, and paid them for the yams, which proceeding, at once restored peace and amity in the camp. A few surly-looking fellows alone seemed displeased at the altered aspect of affairs. The re-appearance, in the village, of the women and children, soon proved that all alarm of danger had subsided. In the evening, numbers of the young men of the settlement came down to the beach, and favoured us with some of their native songs and dances. Their voices were sweet and plaintive, quite different from the monotonous harsh sounds we were accustomed to hear on board the "Wanderer," when any of our crew gave us a specimen of their island melodies. We lay on the deck listening to

this pleasant music for hours, the leaves of the cocoa-nut trees rustling over the "Wanderer," and the fire-flies flickering through the rigging. The soft, regular cadence of the natives' song was in keeping with the scene.

Next morning several strange canoes entered the harbour, and landed at the village. Isitado, shortly afterwards, brought the principal man of the party on board, and introduced him to our notice. He gave his name as *Jerobo*, and could speak a few words of English, having been on board a whaler for a short time off this coast. These strangers varied considerably in color, some being much lighter than others, but they all had the characteristics of the Papuan race. By the assistance of Jerobo's broken English, we had a long conversation with the party, and enquired if they would like white people to reside amongst them? They expressed a great desire that we should remain on the Island; and Jerobo especially described, with great eagerness, the superior harbours, and abundance of food at his settlement, which he described as lying away to the westward. Isitado, on his part, gave us to understand that we should be like brothers, and kindly stated that he did not think we would be killed if we remained at Makira. We gave them to understand that we might possibly return amongst them, but that they were too fond of stealing at present.

The spar being now finished, preparations were made for continuing our cruise. This being the evening previous to our departure, we were desirous of again witnessing a native dance. Expressing our wishes to Isitado, he prevailed upon about thirty young men to come forward and

perform before us. The greater part of our native crew also came on shore to see the dancing. The scene was the beach, with its back-ground of cocoa-nut trees, their wide spreading leaves quivering in the moonbeams. Immediately in front lay the "Wanderer," motionless in the still water. The performance commenced by the natives forming themselves into five rows, distant about three feet apart, each armed with a club, having a broad flat head, sharp, and pointed at the edges. To the handle of this weapon a bunch of nut-shells was appended, which made a rattling noise when shaken. At the commencement they all squatted on their haunches. The first row then commenced their song with a slow pleasing chaunt, raising their bodies at the same time to an erect position, when the second row joined in unison with the first, and so on the third, fourth, and fifth. Their motions were now in unison, moving from right to left, and facing about from one side to the other, their arms and legs keeping time, and all their movements easy and graceful. Occasionally the first row would be silent, and the second above would continue the song. Then all would burst out together, in a beautiful tune. Every row of performers seemed to have a different portion of the song to execute, but their movements were all simultaneous and alike. It was evidently a war-song, from the fact of their using weapons, and from the positions they placed themselves into of attack and defence, imitating the drawing of a bow and shaking the rattles, to resemble the noise of a shower of arrows. There did not appear to be much in the song adapted for firing the savage bosom for the excitement of war,—it being slow and plaintive, and possessing much of melody and

softness in its tone. The dancing continued for nearly a couple of hours, and we returned on board highly delighted with the scene we had witnessed. Our own natives belonging to the schooner remained on shore, and afterwards exhibited their powers of song to the aborigines of San Christoval; and widely different were the wild shouts and savage yells of the Kingsmill Islanders from the pleasant melody of our sable friends.

On the morning of the 6th October, we moved down to the entrance of Makira Bay, to be ready for a start after breakfast, a light air blowing off the land. Before sailing, numbers of canoes came off to us with fruit, yams, &c., for barter. We laid in a good supply of these necessary provisions. Permission was given the natives to come on board, and accompany us outside. At 10 a.m. we started. The deck was crowded with Islanders, who kept up a continual noise, chattering to those in the canoes alongside. Several of the young lads were eager to go with us, and would not leave the ship. The breeze freshened as we got out, and the canoes were dropping fast astern. The parents of the boys had to use force to remove them from the vessel. Three or four of the elders caught the youngsters successively, and, in spite of their struggles in clinging to the ropes, they pitched them overboard, and then jumped after them, waving their hands to us in token of adieu as they swam to their canoes.

The Island of San Christoval is about seventy miles long, and quite a *Terra Incognita* to the civilized world. For beauty of scenery and natural resources, it cannot be sur-

passed. Its magnificent harbours, its pleasant climate* and rich soil, combine to render it a spot, which, at no distant time, will be inhabited and cultivated by the Anglo-Saxon race. I consider it a splendid country for growing sugar, coffee, cotton, indigo, spices, and other productions of the Asiatic Islands. The country is but thinly populated. The natives cultivate little patches of yams, canes, and sweet potatoes, just sufficient for their own use. I observed none of them with more than one wife. The females attended to household duties and cooking. They appear to be well treated by the men, whose time is occupied in fishing or in cultivation. There seems to be little authority possessed by any one. Isitado, alone, appeared to have some influence. Each family claims certain lands and trees, and they seem to live in harmony with each other. But, from the fact of their always going armed, I have no doubt they are on bad terms with the neighbouring tribes, and the trophies of war exhibited on their houses, show that frequent and bloody encounters take place.

On the following day we were near shore at the North Western end of the Island. A number of large canoes came off to us. Jerobo, who had previously visited us at Makira Bay, was in one of them. We signed for him to come on board, but he refused to do so, and endeavoured to persuade us to run in shore and anchor. No appearance of a harbour could be seen. 'The savage aspect of Jerobos'

* The experience of others, whose stay has been longer, has shewn that it does not agree with European constitutions. Few who have resided in this or other Islands in that part of the Pacific, with any degree of permanence, escape fever and ague. But, doubtless, as in the least healthy of the West Indian Islands, there are salubrious spots which might be occasionally resorted to with advantage.

companions also made us suspicious of their intentions, and leaving them, we directed our course for Ghila, or Guadalcanar.

Towards evening we were well in with the coast. The two following days we were nearly becalmed. The weather was hot and sultry. On the 11th, we stood close in shore. With intense interest we now gazed upon a country seldom seen, and, perhaps, never trodden by civilized man. As we neared the shore, the hills and valleys became more distinguishable. There were villages on the coast, with groves of cocoa-nut trees; and, lastly, we descried the wild natives themselves assembled on the beach, gazing with astonishment on the "Wanderer." We perceived several canoes putting off to us. When within two hundred yards of the schooner, they ceased paddling, nor could we prevail on them to come alongside. Several more canoes approaching, one, more venturesome than the rest, came close to us. We passed a line astern, to which they fastened two cocoa-nuts, which we drew on board, and in return threw them a piece of hoop-iron fastened to a bit of wood, to prevent its sinking. This they eagerly seized, and examined with great apparent satisfaction. Suddenly, springing from some cause unknown to us, a panic seized them, and they all set off as fast as possible, and paddled for the shore. Shortly afterwards, a large double banked canoe, full of natives, appeared, and approaching close to us, Mr. Boyd held up a tomahawk, as an inducement for them to come alongside. The moment they saw it, they rose up in the canoe, and shouted "Kili Kili;" a few of them held up cocoa-nuts, and repeated the cry of "Kili Kili."

This last canoe came alongside, and two of the natives climbed up the side of the schooner, their heads appearing just above the rail. They were the wildest looking fellows I ever saw; their eyes not resting for a moment on any thing, but glaring about like those of wild beasts, as if they expected we intended to offer them some treachery. On Mr. Boyd approaching them, to present them with a tomahawk, they, doubting his intentions, sprung into the water, gained their canoe, and paddled off.

On the 12th it was calm, with light puffs of wind. The land was obscured by fogs. At noon, a light breeze dissipated the hanging mist, and we stood close in for the shore. We discovered an indentation in the coast which gave promise of a harbour. We lowered a boat. Ottiwell, myself, and four of the crew, pulled for the bay, to ascertain if there was good anchorage. Between the schooner and the land two canoes appeared, but made a wide circuit to avoid our meeting. Several rocks rendered the entrance to this bay unsafe even had there been good anchorage inside, which there was not. An extensive reef skirted the coast on which the water was shallow. As we pulled along shore, we noticed a number of the natives following our course along the beach. They were all armed with spears, clubs, and shields. We pulled towards them, when I rose up in the boat and waved my hat, making signs for them to put down their weapons; but they set up a yell, and brandished their spears. Our Islanders in the boat, who had for the moment been resting on their oars, suddenly gave a wild shout, and pulled with all their strength for the beach. I nearly lost my equilibrium by this sudden action, just recovering myself as the boat's keel grated on

the pebbles. The savages had declined any intimacy with us, and were flying along the beach at the top of their speed, disappearing round the first point, our natives shouting and laughing at their precipitate retreat.

I was the first to step out of the boat and tread on the shores of Guadalcanar. We made fast the boat to a rock, and stretched our legs on shore. On returning on board, we stood off the land for the night.

October 13th.—It was again noon before we had sufficient breeze to stand in for the shore, when the wind again failed us.

14th.—The morning found us about three miles from land, becalmed. About noon Mr. Boyd and the sailing master went in shore in the whaleboat, to find, if possible, a good anchorage, as we were all anxious to spend a few days on the Island. The boat returned, having been successful in discovering a beautiful sheltered cove, with safe anchorage. Impatiently did we await the breeze, which already darkened the water to leeward. Soon we felt its impulse, and moved slowly towards the entrance of the harbour. How can I describe the beauty of the scene now presented to us? The lofty hills, crowned with forest, whose tints displayed every variety of color, encircled us with their frowning heights, casting a deep shadow across the little bay. Numerous canoes were skimming and glancing through the calm water. The wild natives shouting and yelling, but whether as a welcome or otherwise, it was impossible to say. Mr. Boyd never appeared in better spirits; walking up and down the deck, exclaiming, ‘Is

this not delightful?" I felt as if it was worth living for alone to enjoy the pleasures of that moment.

As we lost the breeze, at the entrance to the harbour, we towed the schooner inside, and anchored in fifteen fathoms water. A considerable village occupied a small flat in one corner of the bay, the hills rising almost perpendicularly behind it. Several scattered houses were discerned in different parts of the bay peeping out from amongst the trees. A small rivulet flowed into the bay, opposite our anchorage. The natives surrounded the schooner, but kept at a respectful distance. Nothing would induce any to come alongside. Mr. Boyd produced several knives and tomahawks, which caused the natives to be very clamorous, but none would venture near enough to receive one. At last, Mr. Boyd making signs to those in the nearest canoe that he would throw them a tomahawk, attempted to pitch one, but it fell in the water. A dozen of the savages simultaneously dived, and one reappeared with the prize, who no sooner got into his canoe than his party paddled off with great speed, and disappeared outside the heads. The other natives who were disappointed, were excessively noisy, but showed no signs of hostility. We could perceive they all had weapons in their canoes, but this we knew to be their constant habit. At sundown we fired off a six-pounder, to see what effect would be produced on the natives. The report caused an instant retreat of the canoes, but seeing only smoke and hearing a report, without any other effect, they soon returned.

The evening was lovely, and we sat on the deck


enjoying the beauties of our situation. We attempted to converse with the natives, using the few words we had picked up at San Christoval; managing to make them understand (at least we thought so) that we wanted water and wood. They seemed anxious that we should go ashore with them, pointing to our boat and then to the village, but their invitations were declined. At dusk their canoes all left us. Intending to have a day's shooting on the morrow, I cleaned my gun, and filled my shot belt and powder flask to be in readiness for the morning's sport. Mr. Boyd also had his fowling piece cleaned with like intentions. A proper watch was kept on deck all night.

CHAPTER VII.

“ Whoop after whoop, which rack the ear, assailed—
As if unearthly fiends had burst their bar.”

CAMPBELL.




 CTOBER 15th.—Having been on watch during part of the night, I did not get up so early as I intended. On reaching deck, I perceived Mr. Boyd had anticipated me, and was half-way between the schooner and the shore. I hailed him. He said he should be on board to breakfast, and bring off some game for dinner. Mr. Boyd was accompanied by Kapentania, a native of Panapa, who sculled the boat. We saw them enter the small creek which flows into the bay opposite our anchorage, and disappear round a bend of the stream. It was about six o'clock in the morning when he left the ship. Shortly after he landed we heard two shots at intervals of about a quarter of an hour, of which, at the time, we took no notice. During the early part of the morning very few canoes were seen, and only three was close to the schooner. We observed, however, a great number of natives collecting near the entrance to the creek of which Mr. Boyd had proceeded.

The morning being excessively warm, Barnes, Crawford, Ottiwell, and myself indulged in a swim alongside the vessel. While in the water, those on deck observing the

natives in the canoes exchanging signals with each other, and producing weapons, which they had concealed in the bottom of their canoes, gave us warning, and we immediately got on board. Mr. Barnes had a handkerchief round his loins, which he took off on dressing, and hung in the rigging. In the meantime the savages alongside were holding a noisy conversation with those on shore, and also trying to persuade us to go ashore in the whaleboat which was floating astern. They continually cried, "laku laku mann," meaning "plenty of birds to shoot." They also endeavoured to entice us by means of women, pointing to where some females were sitting on the beach, and crying "hahine hahine." One of them actually got into the whaleboat, and made the motion of pulling with an oar, still pointing to the females, another removed with his long spear the handkerchief from the vessel, and displayed it across his knees to attract our attention. We made signs for him to return it, but he took no notice of us, whilst the others again pointed to the boat, urging us to follow him. The number of canoes now rapidly increased, and we saw others launching towards us from different parts of the bay. These had been hitherto hid from our view, by being concealed in the bush, which skirted the water's edge.

The waters of the bay and the shore now swarmed with natives, and their movements and cries were clearly indicative of their hostile intent. Ottiwell remarked that we had heard no shot lately from the shore. I sounded the gong for Mr. Boyd. On hearing it, the natives commenced shouting and jeering us as if in derision. The fellow who had got into the whaleboat brandished his spear, and at the same moment a loud cry was heard from forward, and

one of our crew came aft with his arm cut to the bone by a native weapon. On looking forward, I saw the savages attempting to board us by the bowsprit, and numbers were ascending by the martingale.

In the utmost confusion we proceeded to arm ourselves, but I cautioned my shipmates to refrain from fighting, if possible, as Mr. Boyd was on shore. The deck guns were neither run out nor loaded. I unshipped the boarding-pikes from the main boom, and threw them forward to our Islanders to keep off the natives. I then darted down below and handed up five or six muskets, and brought up a case of cartridges. "Keep from firing," I said, "remember Mr. Boyd."

Suddenly, a cry rose from the water; a cry, which heard once, could never be forgotten. It was as if a host of demons had been let loose. The air resounded with their yells and the sullen roaring of numerous war conchs. The next instant a shower of spears, arrows, stones, and other missiles, came whistling at us. For the moment we all sought the shelter of the bulwarks, to allow the first storm to pass. We then fired into the crowded canoes with murderous effect, as we had loaded our muskets with ten pistol bullets each. This, however, did not deter them from attempting to board, and it was not until many had been shot down, that they were driven from the after part of the vessel's side. A moment of quiet elapsed, followed by another burst from the war conchs, and another fiendish yell, and on they came again. They boarded us forward, and were rapidly driving our crew aft, their boarding-pikes being opposed by the wicker-work shields with which the

natives defended themselves. Seeing that our crew was unable to keep them off, I went to their assistance, and fired at the savages with a double-barrelled gun. Their shields proved of no avail against the white man's fire; one or two fell wounded, and our crew with a shout made a simultaneous charge and cleared the decks, despatching the wretches who had been wounded, and throwing them overboard. They were, for the time, converted into as great demons as those against whom they fought.

We now got a two pounder swivel gun loaded with grape to bear upon the nearest canoe; a volume of white smoke hid the object, and next moment, when it cleared away, the canoe was seen upset and the water slightly discolored. This decided the battle.

Thoughts of poor Boyd crossed my mind often during the conflict. None of us now doubted but that he had been cruelly murdered; the last report of his gun probably preceding his death. The poor lad who was with him could have offered no resistance, as he was unarmed. The defeated savages retreated about one hundred yards from the schooner, and were huddled together in the greatest confusion. We gave three cheers, and our native crew danced and sung their songs of triumph. We had now time to run out our deck guns, and opened upon the savages with grape. We could hear the iron hail crashing through their canoes, when all made an instant retreat for the shore. Several of the canoes succeeded in making an escape outside the heads, but the majority, in consequence of our severe and continued fire, were left on the beach; the natives escaping to the woods, carrying their dead and

wounded with them. A large double banked canoe, the same we had seen a few days ago on the coast, was conspicuous. It had not joined in the attack, but contained a great many men who blew on their war-shells, and directed the movements of our assailants. This canoe escaped with a few others. A native was seen running along the beach with Mr. Boyd's hat on. Having got "long tom" to bear on the village, we soon expelled the savages who were lurking amongst the houses.

Ottiwell, Crawford, and myself, with four of our crew, then went ashore, fully armed, to search for Mr. Boyd, but without the slightest hope of finding him alive. We landed at the mouth of the creek, which Mr. Boyd was seen to enter in the morning, leaving one of our crew to watch the boat, and keep her afloat. About a hundred and fifty yards up the creek, we found the small boat, in which Mr. Boyd had landed, lying dry on a sandy bank, the tide having ebbed. Here we traced the print of his shoes on the soft soil. We tracked him into the woods a short distance, when he appeared from some cause to have come back to the boat, as his returning footsteps were distinctly traced. Here all further tracks were lost, except that immediately in front of his last footsteps there lay on the sand the wadding of his double-barrelled gun. From the position of these waddings, it appeared he must have fired both barrels at the same instant, and as far as we could judge they must have been fired close to the surface of the ground, from the regular manner in which the waddings lay. Around the spot was thickly indented with the naked foot-prints of the savages. I noticed the marks made by one in particular. He must have been in the attitude of throwing a spear. I

ascertained this by placing my feet in the marks, which were also directly in front of Mr. Boyd's last tracks, and in the line of his last shot.

Nothing further could be seen of poor Boyd, or of the Islander who pulled him on shore.* We stood in a body for

* In 1854 a report reached Sydney that the name or initials of Mr. Boyd had been seen carved on trees at Guadalcanar, and that he was declared by the Islanders to be still alive but a captive. This report was brought by the cutter "Oberon,"—Capt. Truscott,—an Island trader. Meetings were held, and in the belief that the report was well founded, it was determined to attempt a rescue. The government of the day was appealed to, and promised aid, but, as usual, did nothing. The "Oberon" was sent back by private enterprise, and, proceeding to Makira Bay, heard there a repetition of the story that Mr. Boyd was still living. Scarcely had she left for Guadalcanar, however, when some natives of the latter Island, who had been taken on board at Makira, declared that Mr. Boyd and the native boy who accompanied him had both been killed. The story of his being alive, they said, had been invented to appease the natives of San Christoval, who, if told of his murder, would probably have killed the Guadalcanar men to avenge him. It was at the same time stated, that although the black boy was killed on landing, it was not so with Mr. Boyd, who was deliberately slain some time afterwards in revenge for the punishment inflicted by the "Wanderer," and, in particular, of the killing of seven natives by the fire of the latter. Mr. Boyd's skull, it was said, was hanging up in the canoe house of a Chief called "King Tubula." Capt. Truscott believed this story, and offered a reward of twenty tomahawks for the skull. A skull was accordingly brought, which was declared to be the relic of Mr. Boyd, and to have been stolen from King Tubula's canoe house. The twenty tomahawks were handed to the natives, and the "Oberon" was hurried away on their earnest representations that the abstraction of the skull must lead to hostilities. The "Oberon" came to Sydney in December, 1855, with the purchased skull. On examination, however, it was clearly seen that so far from its being a relic of Mr. Boyd, it was not even the skull of an European but of a Papuan. One which, from its appearance, had probably been for a long time lying about totally neglected. In fact, the sharp-witted savages had fairly cheated Capt. Truscott out of his twenty tomahawks. Few now doubted that Mr. Boyd had, as first supposed, been murdered directly after his landing. Still there was a great desire for further proof as to his fate. All such further proof as *could* be obtained, was furnished by Capt. Denham of H.M.S. "Herald," which visited Guadalcanar soon after the "Oberon" left. The following account of this visit is extracted from the *Sydney Morning Herald* of 31st January, 1855:

"On the 20th December the 'Herald' anchored off a village immediately westward of Cape Hunter on the island of Guadalcanar. The chief of the village came on board, and informed Capt. Denham that the skull of Mr. Boyd had been sold to the captain of the 'Oberon' for twenty tomahawks, and that it had been stolen from the canoe house

several minutes gazing in silence on the spot. At any other time, or under different circumstances, the scenery around would have awakened within us feelings of pleasure; but we had no sympathy with nature, even in its grandest aspect, on an occasion like the present. Neither seeing nor

belonging to the chief of a neighbouring tribe, named Bosakau, by whose hand it was positively stated Mr. Boyd fell. Every enquiry was made, and large rewards were offered for any further relic belonging to Mr. Boyd, but they were unavailing, it being represented that Bosakau had appropriated to himself the whole of Mr. Boyd's effects. They then enquired if they could obtain any of his bones, or portions of his dress, or body, by which his identity could be established, and the next morning the natives brought off a canoe load of bones and skulls, evidently belonging to various races. One of the native chiefs, named Supe, was purposely detained on board with the intention of identifying the Chief Bosakau, and for piloting the ship to a safe anchorage off Wana, situated 7 or 8 miles along the coast to the northwest. Supe was said to have been a witness of Mr. Boyd's murder, and he stated that Mr. Boyd was first speared, and then cut down with an axe; but the period of Mr. Boyd's death, whether on the moment of his arrival or afterwards, could not be ascertained. On the 23rd the 'Herald' anchored off Wana, and a large number of the natives came on board, and freely communicated with the vessel. A message was sent ashore to induce Bosakau to come, which, after some entreaty, he did, but nothing could induce him to come up the ship's side; and an attempt to capture him was made, which failed, owing to the swiftness of his canoe, which was pursued by the 'Herald's' boats, and was capsized in the surf. He succeeded in reaching the shore, and several shots were fired at him; and the following day it was reported he had died of his wounds. The next day a large armed party was landed, which, under the cover of the pinnace, with a twelve-pounder in it, proceeded to examine the woods in the various bays, but found no trees marked with Mr. Boyd's initials. The huts all along were searched, but they had been deserted by their inhabitants, and everything carried out of them. The boats then went to Wanderer's Bay, the place where Mr. Boyd landed, and found the features of the spot to correspond with the description given by the crew of the 'Wanderer.' A tomahawk was obtained from a native marked B. B., which it was stated had been purchased from Bosakau; but whether procured from the 'Wanderer' or not could not be ascertained."

The most mature consideration of all the facts serves but to sustain, beyond all doubt, the conclusion originally come to—that Mr. Boyd was murdered directly after he landed. Such was understood to be the distinct opinion of Capt. Denham. The various stories told by the natives were probably invented for a twofold purpose—to evade retributive justice, and to obtain as much as possible in the way of reward from the white men. In this latter they were, as has been seen, pretty successful. The story as to marked trees arose, doubtless, from the fact, that trees thus marked had been found at San Christoval. The tomahawk alluded to above, was, probably, that mentioned in page

hearing any thing of the defeated savages, we cautiously examined the vicinity of the spot, and saw, from the multitude of footsteps, that the natives must have been in great numbers. The remembrance of their fearful yells in attacking the "Wanderer," precluded, in our minds, all hope of mercy being shown to our poor friend; and, from their subsequent attempt to entice us on shore to meet a similar fate, it was evident that their great object was to get possession of the schooner, which, in their eyes, contained inexhaustible wealth in the shape of knives and tomahawks. The smallness of our numbers also, no doubt, encouraged their attack.

We returned to the beach, and proceeded to destroy the canoes left by the natives in their hasty retreat. While we were thus engaged, a thunder-storm came on, which compelled us to return on board, as our fire-arms were rendered useless from the rain which fell in abundance. The weather clearing, we again went on shore to make further search for Mr. Boyd or his remains. We proceeded towards the village, and, as we neared it, loud yells proceeded from the thick bush at the back of the houses announcing the presence of our enemies. Firing several shots to intimidate them, we landed a little below the village where the bush was more open, and marched cautiously onwards to the settlement, where, with our native crew, we with a loud

109. The skull palmed off upon Capt. Truscott as that of the murdered gentleman, was deposited in the Sydney Museum. The prompt chastisement of the savages of Guadalcanar by the "Wanderer," has had a beneficial effect upon their character as a people. Punishment following immediately—or at a short interval—after the commission of crime, is the only sort of punishment which Polynesians heed. They have no dread of that retributive action which is remote and uncertain.

shout, rushed into the village. But the inhabitants had all fled, and we saw them congregating on the sides and summits of the hills, which rose abruptly from immediately behind the village, at one point presenting a perpendicular cliff several hundred feet in height. This village was distant about a quarter of a mile from the spot where Mr. Boyd landed, and here numbers of the natives had come on shore, after being driven from their attack on the "Wanderer." The houses were riddled with our shot. The canoes lying on the beach were more or less damaged. In one we found the dead body of a native, who had been shot through the head. In another, stranded and partly filled with water and blood, we found Mr. Boyd's sword-belt, which he had on when he went ashore. In the pouch attached to it were several ball cartridges.

I proceeded to break open the houses, the apertures or entrances having been all firmly closed by the natives, and searched them in hopes of finding some further traces of our missing friend, but nothing could be learned further of his fate. I saw numerous patches and pools of blood in the paths leading into the bush, and among the houses, probably where dead or wounded natives had been laid. After searching every house, we set fire to the village. On returning to the beach, I found several of our Island crew had literally hewn the dead native in pieces, and were dancing about like fiends, signifying their intention to cook the mutilated members of the defunct savage, in order thereby to gratify to the uttermost their desire for revenge. It was with some difficulty we could prevail upon them to relinquish their horrible intentions. The whole of the village was by this time enveloped in flames, and, in a short

time, was reduced to a heap of smoking embers. As we were attempting to set fire to several houses on the hillside, the natives, from the heights above, dislodged and hurled down on us portions of rock which tore through the bushes, and passed us with great force, breaking the branches of trees in their headlong descent. We attempted, by firing at them, to drive them from their position, but they were well sheltered by the trees, and we were compelled to leave these houses undisturbed.

Wearied and downhearted, we returned on board, having rendered all the canoes useless, thus preventing any attack on the "Wanderer" by their means. It was now sundown. The breakfast still lay on the cabin table, untouched as it was in the morning awaiting the arrival of Mr. Boyd. We prepared everything for a vigorous defence in case of a second attack from any other quarter. During the night, half the crew watched while the others slept. The night was very dark, and everything quiet; several dusky figures were seen on shore, moving about amongst the indistinct glimmerings that arose from the smoking ruins of the native village. Towards morning the melancholy cries of some wild animals were mistaken by us at first for the war-conchs of the savages, and several times the wash of the waves on shore sounded to the imagination of those on watch like the splash of approaching paddles. We fired off guns at intervals, to let the natives know that we were on the alert.

Morning broke, but we could perceive no signs of the inhabitants. The site of the village was indicated by a light cloud of smoke, still hovering over the ruins, and the scorched and blackened trees, whose foliage had formerly

sheltered the villagers from the sun. A party of eight again went on shore. We once more inspected the place where Mr. Boyd's last tracks were seen, and followed up the bed of the creek for some distance, the waters being knee deep, and the banks thickly lined with brush. Here we noticed, wherever a dry bank presented itself, fresh traces of naked footmarks, journeying upwards to the head of the creek. We followed this stream a considerable distance with no result. On our return, we walked along the beach to the ruins of the village. Our natives, armed with cutlasses and boarding-pikes, preceded us as scouts, running wildly about, and uttering cries of defiance in their native manner. Their keen glances allowed nothing to escape them. An eagle-hawk rose lazily from its repast on the mutilated remains of the savage, whose body yet lay in the canoe, where it had been slightly covered with palm-leaves during the night. We searched the adjoining bushes, but were once more frustrated in our attempt to examine the houses on the heights; the natives' presence being again denoted by a shower of stones on our approach.

Returning to the boat, we pulled round a point, forming the eastern head of the bay, where a village was situated on the sloping side of a hill facing the sea. It was also commanded by steep hills. With some difficulty we effected a landing, as the tide was out, and a coral-reef nearly dry, extended some distance from the shore. We left one of our number in charge of the boat, and advanced towards the village. On nearing the settlement, we were startled by the wild yells of the savages, who made their appearance in large numbers on the heights above. Their heads and spears bristling above the long grass of an old

yam clearing. We fired several shots at them which increased their clamour, whilst they themselves hid their heads, but their cries and long spears still showed their presence. We left three of our Islanders to watch their movements, whilst we searched the houses. In many we found the skeletons of fish and animals, suspended from the roof. On a platform exposed to the weather, in the centre of the village, a number of human skulls were arranged, some of them quite recent and bearing marks of violence. Beneath this platform were placed a number of war conchs. After ransacking the houses, we set them on fire, destroying at the same time several canoes. One, from its peculiar figure-head, we recognized as having taken a conspicuous position in the attack of the previous day. We subsequently destroyed a taro cultivation, and cut down the banana-trees which grew close to the village.

During the destruction of their village, the inhabitants were very noisy, but their dread of our fire-arms operated so powerfully on them that they made no attempt at resistance. A handful of men in presence of hundreds of foes, were thus enabled to inflict a merited punishment on the latter. We now returned on board and consulted together. We deemed it impracticable and hopeless to search further in this quarter, and determined to proceed further up the coast to a large settlement, from whence a number of the attacking party was known to have come, and to which the large double-canoe before mentioned had retreated.

On leaving the scene of so fearful a catastrophe as that we had lately experienced, we felt a sadness unknown to us before; so sudden and exciting had been the scenes of

the last two days, that it was difficult to believe them, otherwise than as a dream. But the reality was too apparent, and the blank in our small community shed a gloom over all our actions.

October 18th. Having beat up yesterday afternoon, and surveyed the intended point of attack, we stood off shore; it being too late to attempt anything before morning. On the morrow we bore up for the land, tacking well to windward of the village. The sailing master having ascertained that there was no anchorage, we stood in as close as we thought consistent with safety. From our starboard guns we threw into the large village a quantity of grape and round shot. The natives escaping to the woods. On the 19th, eleven of us, armed to the teeth, prepared to go on shore to attack the village. Having brought the "Wanderer" within two miles of the shore, our little army embarked in the whaleboat, leaving Crawford and two wounded natives of our crew on board. The morning was calm, and the sky without a cloud. We pulled opposite the village, and fired several shots from a swivel gun, mounted in the bows of our boat. The place appeared deserted. We endeavoured to land, but found it very unsafe from the steepness of the shingly beach and the heavy breakers. We, therefore, pulled round a point about a mile from the village, and landed under the lee of a rock.

We left three men in the boat, with directions to follow us, pulling close in shore outside the breakers. We found a well trodden path, leading through a defile of insulated rocks, and rounding a point came in sight of the village, which extended for three quarters of a mile along the

beach, occupying a belt of flat land at the base of steep hills. Abundance of cocoa-nut trees threw their shade over the houses. A party of natives appeared at the end of the village, watching our movements. We halted and examined our arms, and moved cautiously along with two of our Islanders in advance as scouts. The savages retreated as we advanced, and we found ourselves in possession without resistance. We commenced searching the houses, from which everything had been removed, except quantities of edible nuts. On a raised platform, along with several cocoa-nuts, I found the upper portion of a human skull, which seemed quite fresh. It appeared to have been baked, and portions of the scalp removed; some straight black hair remained attached to the skull, and it struck me at once it was the head of poor Kapertania. I gave it to one of the crew to carry on board, but he foolishly lost it, having thrown it away on an alarm of natives. We now set fire to the village. On the flames reaching the nuts, they crackled and burnt like platoons of infantry. A brisk breeze sprung up, and the fire spread with great rapidity. We found but one canoe, which we destroyed. They must have removed the others to some place of safety.

At this time the weather became black and lowering; the waves at sea showing white tops, and the wind coming in strong gusts. We hastened towards the boat to escape to the vessel before the storm, which was brewing, could overtake us. We rushed through the surf and tumbled into the boat, which shipped a sea and nearly capsized. The natives gained courage by our precipitate retreat, and appeared on the beach, making the most fiendish noise imaginable. The storm now burst on us in all its fury.

Gusts of wind and torrents of rain followed in quick succession. Neither land nor the vessel were visible, so thick and dark had the air become. Our only guide as to our course was the direction of the wind, which, fortunately for us, did not shift many points. We were now in no enviable situation, crowded as we were in the boat. Anxiously we looked to windward for some signs of the weather breaking, but squall after squall followed each other, the breakers constantly rolling over us, and it was with difficulty we could keep the boat afloat. We had the gloomy prospect before us, as night drew on, of not finding the schooner, and there was also the possibility of her being driven on shore, there being no hands on board to work her in such a gale. As to our facing the shore again it would be madness, as our arms were rendered useless by the rain and sea water. At length the joyful cry arose that a glimpse of the schooner had been obtained right ahead of us, dimly looming through the drift. We now plied our oars with increased vigour, and for three hours did we pull through the storm, and right glad were we when we gained the leeward side of the "Wanderer," and got safe on deck.*

* In bidding adieu to the Solomon Islands, it may be interesting to trace the early history of European discovery at that group. The following is extracted from Mr. Westgarth's elaborate work on Australasia:—

"This archipelago of islands was one of the first discoveries of the Spaniards in Australasia, though the credit of it is given to Alonzo de Mendana, who was sent on an expedition of discovery in 1567 from Callao by the viceroy of Peru. He anchored in a port on the Island of Santa Ysabel, to which he gave the name of *Porta de la Estrella*; and he also built a brigantine to make further discoveries, in which she was particularly successful, having fallen in with no fewer than thirty-three islands, 'of very fine prospect.' Many of them were of considerable size, to which they gave particular names, as *Galera*, *Buonavista*, *Florida*, *San German*, *Guadalcanar*, *San Christoval*, *Santa Catarina*, and *Santa Ana*. *Guadalcanar*, however, was the most attractive, having a port which they named *De la Cruz*, and a river which they called *Galego*. Of this Island Mendana took possession

The schooner had been laying to with her lee guns under the water. We now squared our yards and scudded before the gale. Next morning we were far away from the scene of our late disaster. For a week, we had strong winds with rain. Several days calm succeeded the stormy weather. Under a scorching sun, our water getting short, and no

for the King of Spain. When the voyage was published, the name of Solomon's Islands was given to the group, 'to the end that the Spaniards, supposing them to be those Isles from whence Solomon fetched gold to adorn the temple at Jerusalem,' might be the more desirous to go and inhabit the same; but it has been said that Mendana's advice was that they should not be colonised, 'that the English, or others, who pass the Strait of Magelhanes to go to the Moluccas, might have no succour there, but such as they get from the Indians.' The truth, however, is, that Mendana, on a second voyage for the discovery of the Solomon Islands, returned without being able to find them, which gave occasion to the remark that, 'what Mendana discovered in his first voyage he lost in his second.' He discovered, however, in the second voyage, the great Island of Santa Cruz, which is situated at the S. E. extremity of Solomon's Islands, and may very fairly be considered as one of the group. This Island, which has an excellent harbour, La Graciosa, was first revisited after Mendana's discovery by Carteret, in 1767, who changed its name to that of Egmont, and made it the principal Island of a group which he called Queen Charlotte's Islands. Here Mendana died, and Quiros succeeded to the command; but the search for Solomon's Islands was abandoned when they were not more than 40 leagues from San Christoval. It is a singular fact that Solomon's Islands, whose name was sufficient to tempt adventurers, were lost to Europeans for two centuries after their discovery, and that we know at present little, if any, more than Mendana gave to the world after his first voyage. They were revisited by Bougainville in 1768; by M. Surville in 1769, who, from a ridiculous mistake, called them the Archipelago of the Arsacides, to mark the natives as assassins; by Lieutenant Shortland of the British navy, in 1788, who chose to call them New Georgia; and frequently, since that time, by various British and French navigators.

"Santa Ysabel, says Mendana, was inhabited by people who had the complexion of mulattoes, with curly hair, and little covering to their bodies; who worshiped serpents, toads, and such like creatures; whose food was cocoa-nuts and roots: and who, it was believed, ate human flesh, 'for the chief sent to the general a present of a quarter of a boy, with the hand and arm.' Buonavista is 12 leagues in extent, very fertile, and well peopled, the natives living in regular villages or towns. On Florida, 25 leagues in circuit, the natives dyed their hair red, collected together at the sound of the conch-shells, and ate human flesh. Sesargo was well inhabited, produced plenty of yams and bread-fruit, and here the Spaniards saw hogs. In the midst of the Island was a volcano continually emitting smoke. They saw bats which measured 5 feet between the tips of the wings. At Guadalcanar they received in barter two hens and a cock, the first fowls that had been seen. At San

firewood, we had to burn our spare spars, and, at last, the identical boat in which poor Mr. Boyd went ashore when he was killed.

On the 7th November, we sighted the coast of Australia, supposed to be Cape Moreton, but we could get no observation on account of the thick weather. On the 11th, we had a severe gale from the N. E.; we ran down with it, keeping the coast in sight. Off Port Macquarie the wind suddenly chopped round dead ahead, and blowing in gusts with thunder and lightning. We bore up for the land, and anchored under the lee of a rocky point, in seven fathoms water, opposite the entrance to Port Macquarie harbour.

On the following day it blew freshly from the eastward, and at midnight it increased to a gale. The vessel pitched heavily, and our windlass parted in the middle, being quite decayed. We held on our anchors until daylight, when we fired two guns for assistance. At high-water, the captain of a schooner at anchor, inside, came off and agreed to pilot us over the bar. To lighten the schooner we threw overboard a quantity of iron ballast. We were unable to stand to sea, on account of our disabled spars, both masts being sprung. We now ran in before the wind. A heavy surf was breaking on the bar, and we struck several times, the seas, however, sweeping us onward.

Christoval, the natives were very numerous, and drew up to give battle to the Spaniards, their arms being darts, clubs, bows and arrows; but they were dispersed by the fire of the muskets, which killed one Indian and wounded others. In the neighbouring village was found a quantity of cocoa-nuts and almonds, sufficient to have loaded a ship. Santa Ana was well peopled and fertile. It has a good port on the east side, where the Spaniards were attacked by the natives, who wounded three of the invaders, while a dart pierced through the target and arm of the Spanish commanding officer. The blacks had boughs on their heads, and bands round their waists. The Spaniards observed here hogs and fowls."

The schooner now struck with greater violence. Her keel catching, she swung round exposed broadside to the rollers, and was dashed on the rocks. The water burst through the cabin floor. The rolling seas swept her deck, and the "Wanderer" lay a complete wreck. One of our natives swam ashore with the end of a line, and by its means we fastened a warp from the vessel to the shore, by which we safely landed. We saved every thing we could from the the wreck.

In the meantime, Mr. Crawford had started to Sydney to report Mr. Boyd's death, and the subsequent loss of the vessel, to his friends. Not many days elapsed, before there was not a vestige of the ill-fated "Wanderer" visible on the beach, excepting a few scattered timbers strewn at high-water mark along the shore. Thus fraught with disaster, terminated a voyage in its commencement all sunshine and joy. As the graceful yacht glided from one bright Island to another, our little company of "Wanderers" dreamt not of the dark future which awaited them. From the moment that our gallant commander fell so suddenly and so unexpectedly, amidst the ruthless savages of Guadalcanar, it seemed as though an evil fortune brooded over the yacht; and, in one short month after the death of him whose pride she had been, her torn fragments lay scattered on the beach, and the wanderings of the "Wanderer" were at an end!





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